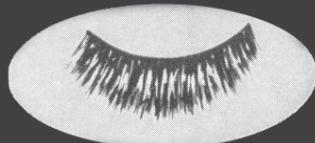


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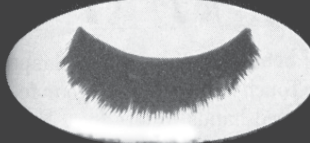
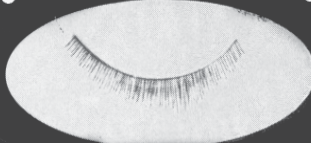
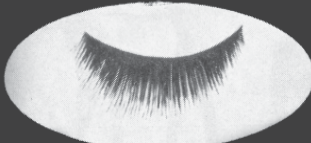
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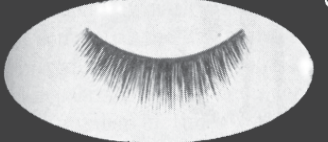
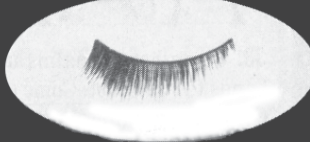
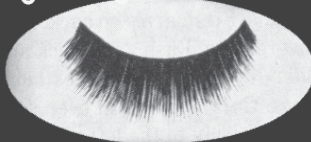
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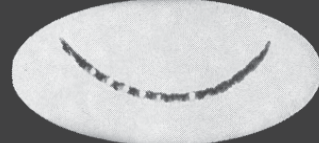
Publicity: Marina Zangeneh-Azam General Manager: Paul Schramski Business Manager: Chris Marland



Programming: Gina Zycher Music Director: Grace Guardado Publicity Asst: Teresa Kenny Office Coordinator: Alanna Young



Chief Engineer: Richard Lischer News: Marcus Ulrich Production: James Mah Music Director: Charles Belleville



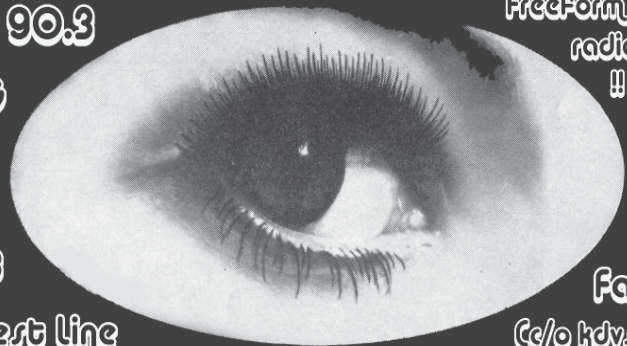
Studio Tech: Brian Gingold Studio Tech Asst: Marshall Clark Assistant Publicity: Anne Le

Contact Information For KDVS 90.3

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530.752.0728 530.752.2775 530.752.2777 KDVS is GREAT! 530.752.8548



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Fax
(c/o kdvs)

KDVS is non-commercial community radio broadcasting on 90.3 FM at 9,200 watts from the University of California at Davis. Our goal is to provide an outlet through which the cultural achievements and the social concerns of the otherwise unrepresented may be best appreciated in a corrupt media world tainted by stifled opinions.

KDVS is the first amendment put into practice.

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“This year I intend to rewrite the rulebook and redefine our objectives. We need to meet the new challenges that face us head on. Where others shy away we will push forward. In many ways I feel our potential is greater now than it ever has been and the limitations to our success and growth are only as we choose to define them. In reality anything is achievable and if you can just adopt the right mental approach you are half way there.”

- The winning mantra proclaimed by Solution's Inc: Keynote Speech1

Be warned. This is another KDVS-lauding article.

My brother gave a valedictorian speech for his recent graduation from high school. The speech was one of those I-am-tired-of-high-school-and-so-now-I-will-make fun of it affairs. According to him, “valedictory speeches consist of three elements: the catcher quote, the verisimilitude, or words/catchphrase to live by, and an example of a particularly compelling historical figure who has used the essence of the catchphrase to the fullest.” Well, this isn’t much of a valedictory speech; it’s quite the opposite in fact, so I guess I’ll have to come up with my own formula.

It’s been a few months since I took command of KDVS from the esteemed Liz Berg. For the most part, the station hasn’t fallen apart. Except for the night when I woke up in bed of ice in Studio B, missing a kidney, and bleeding from my abdomen, the summer has been uneventful. Sure, we’ve repainted a few walls, replaced couches two or three times, aired excellent programming, and continued to stream online (see my next article), but we haven’t changed all that much.

Before her departure to the Big Apple, General Manager Berg imparted several pieces of advice, most of which I have forgotten by now, many of which I probably should’ve written down. I remember how much she used to praise KDVS, most of all. Recently, because I am brainwashed or because I have gained new insight, I have begun to see KDVS as something greater than the majority of radio stations.

Several individuals have approached me with a question: “Why doesn’t KDVS follow the path of most college radio stations, instituting a full-time, salaried staff member in a student’s place?” It is my contention that new programming spawns from the minds of diverse thinkers, those of youthful thought (not necessarily correlated with age). Wisdom is the reflection of experience, the support for ingénue thinkers. KDVS mimics this relationship. A youthful vibrancy, from the top down, pervades the entire station. Yet veteran deejays and community members have provided the backbone for continued programming at KDVS. This relationship has led to programming that is far more adventurous while maintaining a high degree of quality (also in a Fat Free Lemon Scent—Thanks Dow Corning!).

In *Emile*, Rousseau claimed, “Childhood has its ways of seeing, thinking, and feeling which are proper to it.” I think this is what many individuals fail to see in KDVS. Not to say that “childhood” should assume the traditional negative connotations, but time at KDVS is like another childhood. We are all children again, learning about music and public affairs shows, forced to rewire the circuitry of our brains. You, the listener, are a child too. You must subject yourself to an amalgamation of programming that changes almost hourly. I don’t want to call KDVS a “social experiment”, but I think it is “something” successful.

For the reasons enumerated above, I think students are well suited for positions of learning, managing, and enjoying KDVS. Everyone is free to benefit from it. Yeah, ok, this introduction is a little more sappy than usual, but you read it, didn’t you?

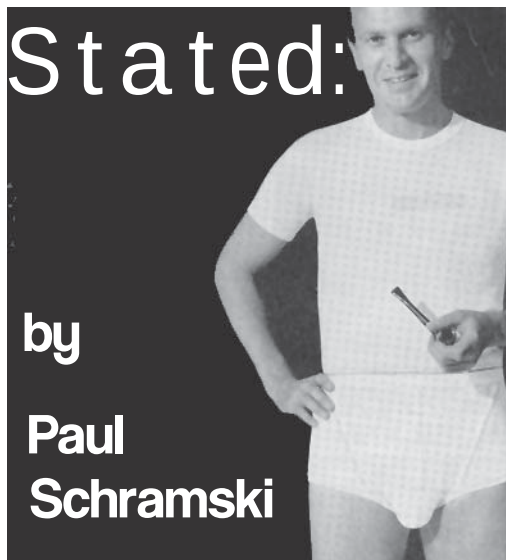
It’s Fall. The leaves will be changing everywhere (except for Davis), and KDVS will air another quarter of excellent shows. Check out our program grid for a listing of shows and try reading a few of the other articles in this publication. From what I’ve heard, it’s a good issue.

Briefly Stated:

A MESSAGE FROM OUR GENERAL MANAGER

by

Paul
Schramski



(Footnotes)

1 <http://www.solutions-inc.co.uk/>



"WHY KDVS IS SO IMPORTANT"

By: Sondra

Ok, you've probably heard this hundreds of times by now, but to those who have not, here's how I feel: KDVS absolutely fascinates me. It is a constantly changing group of people who are somehow unified by a single purpose and understanding; the preservation of a dying art form which is not only the act of DJ-ing, but of caring about and transmitting music as ART—People caring about art, music, caring about genuine expression, and not caring about profit or personal gain. "Genuine" is the key word here. Genuine information, ideas, and sharing. KDVS empowers people, giving them the chance to see what they can really do. To make a difference in a place that gives them the freedom to do so, and in a place where their work can make so much of a difference, there is never stagnation.

Those who have learned a lot and done a lot, naturally get their fill of it, and need to leave KDVS. This leaves room for new people, people who have new and creative energy. Of course, they wouldn't have been able to move into positions of expressing their energy if other folks had not left. But, they also would not have acquired the understanding and passion had they not been mentored by older KDVS staff. So, KDVS is left with this constant burst of new energetic people, who persistently work to make KDVS better and better. We have grown and expanded, and done more than almost any other college station.

I am so grateful for what I have learned and been able to do while at KDVS. KDVS has changed my life. I was sick of the crap of everyday life and everyday soul-sucking people and trauma; I was ready to be a part of something real. I loved KDVS so much that I wouldn't let

anything get in the way of being able to make the changes I wanted. I

really learned a lot about myself, about what I was capable of, and what I care about. Being in college and working at the same time as all of that was tough, but the support and help of others at KDVS, and the sheer love of KDVS, was what got me through it. The systems we have at KDVS right now are making it more bearable for people to do more while also being in school and/or working. This is just going to make the future brighter for KDVS. It makes me feel great knowing that every person who has worked at KDVS has been a part of this beautiful thing. It is astonishing that the station has been crafted by the sheer will, attention, support, and hard work of those who care about the station. The innovations and leaps were dreamed, planned and carried out by KDVS' own staff, with no remote influence or help.

KDVS is an anomaly. It shouldn't even exist by modern capitalist-media

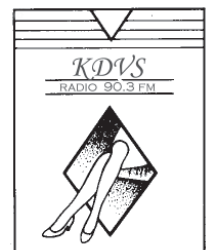
standards. That is why the continued flux of new and energetic people is so important in keeping KDVS strong and vital. There have always been key people around, teaching the new people, maintaining the spirit of KDVS. There have always been new, random, and exciting people who bring something completely different and unique to KDVS.

Don't even get me started on the music... finding out that great music wasn't available to me in southern California made me furious. So much good music from all over the world just shut away, in favor of commercials and pop culture studies. It was more infuriating to find out that not only could I not hear this music, but that I didn't even know that it existed. The media has us tapped so far into commercialism, that we have willingly adopted its artificial personalities as molds of genuine expression. Even the definition of art has lost its truth. Media has raped art. Paved over it. Media has built vacant forums on the corpse of art, and has mass-produced recycled culture laced with consumerism. Consumerism is all we know now. There are very few places left where people can genuinely experience and create new art. There are very few venues left in society where people can even explore their own minds, without having them exploited, and without their insecurities being amplified, mutilated, and taken advantage of. Media has studied us thoroughly, it knows how we work, it knows what buttons to push, in what combinations, and it knows how to make money. To fully exploit us, it needs to tear us apart from each other, and tear us apart within ourselves, and I think it is succeeding. Media doesn't try to sell us on the qualities of a specific product, rather, it tries to convince us that we are lacking in specific areas, and that we need to choose objects, processes and/or behaviors to fill or fix these shortcomings. It injects diversion and distraction into the solution of real human issues. Things like KDVS are rare. I am so grateful that there have been so many people, past and present, working for, and supporting KDVS. My thanks go out to all of you.

I'm leaving KDVS for now, but I might be back.

Thanks to everyone who listens and to all my friends that I've learned so much from.

If you want to reach me, my email is smhalabi@ucdavis.edu for now.





This is Rengade and I've been a DJ at KDVS for about two years. I started to play hard rock during my show when I was here for the first time. I got a lot of responses and requests from New York to California and some of them sent me their records to let me to play their music during my show. Before I became a DJ here, I had already heard the music of Motorhead, AC/DC, Gary Moore, Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple and Eric Clapton on the stereo, so I did not have a lot of problems to find the tastes of the music for the listeners.

Since I was living on Lake Blvd at that time, I left home at 2 o'clock to go to the station every Tuesday morning. Since I was working at the restaurant till midnight, I did not sleep each Tuesday morning. My show started from 4 o'clock to 6 o'clock, so I sometimes slept on the couch. Fortunately, Indie Rock DJ Your Friend Gina woke me



up before my show, so I never missed my show. I listened to the music more than 4 hours every week to learn new music. I was so excited to play the music on the air because of my fans. In this moment it did not matter to me what kind of music I played on the air. I was thinking that there are small amount of people who play hard rock, so my director Donkey Flybye gave the DJ name 'Rengade' to me. Then I found 'Renegade' was too common, so I changed the name to 'Rengade.' It sounds like more of a Germanic or European language. Interestingly, I expected and hoped that people called me "Rengade", but they pronounced my name, "Renegade". I explained the situation and I said to them, "You can call me either way." I got a lot of phone call during my show for requests. Many of my friends also listened to my show. I was always surprised that many people whom I didn't know recognized me and smiled and waved hands, so they made me very

And now, a word from everyone's favorite Hiro. aka: "DJ Rengade"

happy. At that time Justin Kable was General Manager and later Chris Marland and Liz Berg became general managers. I frequently saw former General Manager Todd Urlick and Recording Engineer Davis Oglivy at the studio. Sondra Halabi was Music Director and she got a lot of current CDs from U.S.A and all over the world. Everybody was so kind that I learned the field of media and broadcasting well. Since we had parties frequently, I had a lot of opportunities to communicate with everybody, and I found that each person had various interests. They also encouraged me a lot. Thank you. After a few quarters, I changed the direction from hard rock DJ to becoming a classical music DJ, I changed the show title from, "The Metal Hero" to "The Classical Hero". Many people asked me, "How can you play totally different types of music on the air? I always answered to them, "I believe that all music forms are human expression, and I am just introducing how people think about it. Some people who like soft music usually do not like hard rock. On the other hand, someone who likes hard rock does not like soft music. We do not need to fight to each other in talking about music." I got one of the best time slots from 9:30 to noon on Friday and more people listened to my show. Since I found that nobody played classical music on the air from this station, I had strong desire to play classical music. As you know, I have never played Masterpieces because I really wanted to introduce underground music. I did the same when I played hard rock. I got different aspects of responses about my show. My favorite response that one of my fans told me was, "the music I choose is very dramatic". This listener donated money during my show for fundraiser. Thank you so much.

There are a variety of DJs who play different types of shows such as experimental, noise, punk and so forth. Since KDVS is not a commercial station, we only play infamous music on the air. We have a lot of contact with local music groups and the community. KDVS is a very unique station because this station has a lot of freedom to play any music. When other DJs could not come to the show, I played eclectic music for them instead of

playing classical music, so I learned a lot of new types of music. Since I have an idea that becoming a good DJ means to be able to play all kinds of music on the air, I am not afraid to play various types of music.

Playing classical music is very interesting to me because many composers are from Europe, but not U.S.A. Almost all my play lists were filled with European language sounds. The sounds of composers are very fresh to all, and I got a lot of responses during and after my show. One thing we always do is listen to other DJs' shows. Former director, Donkey Flybye, his wife and Gospel DJ Bobby Henderson listened to my show and it makes me so happy. General manager Paul Schramski, and I listen to Miss Marnie Hotpants and Janie Venom because they have so much energy during their show, so we are excited about their shows. I think that playing classical music was a big success. When I started to play classical music, many of my fans called me to continue to do this show. Thank you for listening my show.

Next year I am going to move to Los Angeles, but I still want to keep contact with everybody.

Paul and Marina asked me about myself and I am going to write down some of my aspects about favorite food, color, tree, shows, etc.

My favorite food is Curry soup and rice. Since I am a very good eater, I can eat three dishes from this menu. My favorite color is the balance of a lot of colors. One color does not look beautiful, but if many colors unite together well, it looks so good. My favorite tree is the house tree. I want to grow the tree with my lover someday. My favorite show tune is Baywatch. I like a woman and I want to build a house near the beach someday. Swimming and Scuba diving are two of my most favorite sports because I can save people. I like all kinds of Martial Arts movies because I enjoy the parts of movement more than speaking.

If you are interested in me, send me a letter.

Hiro Ozasa.
Po. Box 4356
Davis, CA 95617



The Potato Head Kids

Imagine if you will that Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head are six feet tall and live alongside humans. Yes, this was the initial premise of the Potato Head Kids. Actually no, that's not entirely true, the real premise was that there was an entire race of Potato Heads and their children formed a gang. Like all cartoons about large groups of children; be they cats, humans, or giant talking potatoes; there was the super smart one, the athletic one, the tough one, and the cool leader with the head full of wacky schemes. But what really set this show apart was the GIANT WALKING TALKING POTATOES! I'm sorry, but I can't accept that giant walking potatoes could find acceptance in a community of mostly humans. But maybe I'm missing the message, maybe the show was supposed to be about tolerance and... no, no, no, because if that was so then why were the potatoes constantly at war with their human school mates? The human children formed a gang of their own just to combat what they saw as the potato menace. When the school jock teams up with a nerd and the punk kid to compete with the Potato Head gang you know something's not right.

If children have to be taught to hate, and they all hate the potato kids, then what does that say about the cartoon world of the Potato Kids? As far as I can see it means that there is a hidden hatred of the Potato Heads which is slowly reaching a breaking point. Fortunately the cartoon was cancelled before they got to the race riots and the lynchings. By the way, if there was a race of potato heads wouldn't being named Mr. Potato Head be akin to being named Mr. Homo Sapien? Just a thought. There were actually a number of Potato Head Kids toys. They were miniature, key chain sized versions of the Mr. Potato Head doll. Each kid was represented, although if I recall correctly only their feet and hats were interchangeable.

Camp Mini-mon

It turns out this show was also known as the Mini-Monsters. The idea was that a brother and sister were such brats that their parents booted them off to a summer camp for little monsters, but surprise, it's a camp for the children of real monsters. There was the too hip vampire, the boxing obsessed mummy, the love sick gil-man, the electronics obsessed Frankenstein monster, the laid back invisible kid, etc. etc. etc. Being the kind of kid who would wake up at six in the morning to watch cartoons I saw a number of episodes, one where the two normal kids were going to be kicked out of the camp if they couldn't prove themselves to be monsters, one where the mummy was thinking of giving up boxing, and one where the gil-man fell in love with a visiting mermaid. But the best episode had to be the one where the Magician kid, Merlin's inept son, decides that his



Tribute to Potato Head Kids by James Mah

Finally I have found a website that remembers Camp Mini-mon. Many of them really. I know that doesn't mean shit to you, but to me it means that I'm not the only person in the damn universe who remembers this obscure 1980's cartoon. Everyone else I've talked to looks at me like I'm a damn lunatic when I bring the show up, as if I've got nothing better to do than make up 1980's cartoons stranger than the Potato Head Kids. So here, from the dredges of my memory is my retrospective on three of the strangest cartoons of the 1980s.



manservant, a giant, British, anthropomorphic crow, is too stifling and lends him out to the other monster kids. Actually for a show that committed an entire episode to a 10 year-old mummy going through a mid-life crisis it's kind of dark to suddenly do an episode about the indentured servitude of giant crow. Eh. I'll always remember this show fondly, probably because unlike Thundercats I didn't watch it ten years later and realize how bad it really was. There's just something about a bunch of kids trying to use their supernatural powers, yet bumbling due to their inexperience. Hilarity ensued. Although now that I think of it, why weren't the normal kids eaten? Oh, right, they weren't Romanian peasants.

Camp Mini-mon was part of the Comic Strip, a two hour block produced by Rankin-Bass, and it's saying something when you realize that Camp Mini-mon was the most normal of the four shows. The other three were Karate Kat, a bumbling private detective who is secretly a martial arts super hero in a world of anthropomorphic cats, Street Frogs, rapping and break-dancing frogs, and Tiger Sharks, underwater superheroes that could turn into fishmen. That last one was a lot stupider than you think.

The New Adventures of He-Man

Imagine He-man but streamlined. Yes, it was Space He-man, and everything about this early nineties attempt to redo He-Man, but without the Masters of the Universe, should be forgotten. The only two characters from the old show were He-man and the elephant guy for god's sakes. And they made He-man look even more like the Aryan poster boy than he already did. Damn.



Fall 2002 Programming



Live with anything you want.

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
12:00AM	DJ Hominid "Hominoidia" INDIE/INDUSTRIAL/PUNK	Mr. Glass "Franky Serenity" HIP-HOP/JAZZ/TECH HOUSE	Janie Venom "Mohawk Fetish" PUNK/ ROCK 'N' ROLL
2:00AM	Dr. Smokestack Lightning "Your Jazz Education" JAZZ/BLUES	Eufonik HIP-HOP	Nemo "Eclectic Samurai Astropunk" INDIE alt. w/ Grace & Red "Melodic Mayhem" REGGAE/HIP-HOP/ROCK
4:00AM	DJ Snake "Pshrinkrap w/Stevie Black" BRAZILIAN/TALK	DJ Royale "Royale with Cheese" HARDCORE/SKA/EMO	G-Funk & Loc Squeeshus "All Things Core" METAL/INDIE/PUNK/ HARDCORE
6:00AM	BJ "BJ's Bag of Blues" BLUES	Kadie w/a 'D' & Tani w/an 'N' "Rock Talk" INDIE	La Blanca "Radio Flamenco" WORLD
8:30AM	IT'S ABOUT YOU!	THIS WEEK IN SCIENCE	THE FRINGE
9:30AM	Acadius Lost "Bat Country" INDUSTRIAL/ SYNTH-POP/GOTHIC	Lelon "Inaudibly Free" INDIE POP/ROCK	Annedroid "Transit Gloria" ECLECTIC/INDIE
Noon	Jason Mata "Mayhem & Psychosis" 60's GARAGE/PSYCH	Michael Mercury "The Center of the Universe" PHILOSOPHY TALK/ASTROLOGY/	DJ Atom O.N.E. "Turntable Technicians & Techno Affiliates" DJ MIXING/ELECTRONIC
2:30PM	Action Ranger Timmy "The Richard Nixon Action Show" ECLECTIC	DJ Pir "Slogan's Run" ROCK/INDIE/ NERDCORE	Your DJ "My Show" HONESTLY ECLECTIC
4:30PM	F R E E S P E E C H		
5:00PM	HEALTH MATTERS alt. W/MEDLINE	PANIC ATTACK	DR. ANDY'S POETRY AND TECHNOLOGY HOUR
6:00PM	Miss Marnie Hotpants "Pop! & Circumstance" INDIE/POP/ROCK 'N ROLL	KDVS RADIO THEATER	DJ VSX "The End"
8:00PM		AGGIE TALK	INDUSTRIAL/NOISE
9:00PM	Brian Faulkner "Nothing Exceeds Like Excess" PSYCH/SPACE/DRONE	Todd Urlick "Hometown Atrocities" ROCK/INDIE	DJ Tao "The Insomniac Jungle Show" DRUM AND BASS/ JUNGLE
10:00PM	Sammy Toyon "CMT Sessions" HIP-HOP	Mr. Mick Mucus "The Chicken Years" ECLECTIC/PUNK	Riff-Raff "Open Sleep" HIP-HOP

Request Line

530-752-2777 or 530-754-KDVS

THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Skely Skel & S.A.V. Blazin' Beneath the Surface HIP-HOP	Ed & Remy "Get Off Your Mustang, Sally" ECLECTIC	Pirate & Krispy Kreme "Shut Your Filthy Cake Hole" METAL/PUNK/HARDCORE/ ASS TUNES 3:00 am	Punk Roge "NEONATE - Newlife" alt. w/ Janie Venom, Riot MG, and Stephanie Arsenick "Punk N' Roll" PUNK / HARDCORE / METAL / ROCK
Charles & Charles "Goats and Crafts" ECLECTIC	Papa Wheelie "Radio Wadada" REGGAE	Klinger "Manic Expression" ROCK/INDIE/PUNK alt. w/ Rez & Firebunny Mary "Violent Mustard Radio" ECLECTIC/EXPERIMENTAL	Killafornia.B and Swerve Ellison "The Session Show" HIP-HOP & R & B
Elliot Thomas & Eric Stuart "Elliot and Eric" TALK/MUSIC	Carson "Jargonistic Contamination" METAL/REGGAE/HIP-HOP/ ROCK/NOISE	Big Dave "Buried Alive in the Blues" BLUES 9:00 am	Bobby H "Songs of Praise Gospel" GOSPEL 8:00 am
Karen Carchidi "Rock Art" ECLECTIC	The Highway Man "On the Road" CLASSICAL/MODERN COMPOSITION	"The Saturday Morning Folk Show" Bill Wagman alt. w/ Robyne Fawx FOLK	Bernard Benson "In Focus and Perspective" RELIGIOUS TALK AND MUSIC 10:00 am
COOKING WITH MADELEINE	COUNTERSPIN		Gary Saylin "The Island Radio Cafe" HAWAIIAN, REGGAE/SKA alt. w/ Mindy Steuer "Cross-Cultural Currents" JAZZ/MODERN COMP alt W/ Rich Blackmar "Rockin' in Rhythm Archives BLUES/R&B 1:00 pm
MetalGina "Devious Metal Show" METAL	marioshoku "Nori Nori Tako" NOISE/EXPERIMENTAL	Mario "Blues Thang" BLUES 3:00 pm	King Alcohol "The Black Ark" FREE JAZZ 4:00 pm
Da & Jake "Fruit Covered Nails" POP/INDIE	Paul "Sweet Reverberations" ECLECTIC	Gil Medovoy "Crossing Continents" INTERNATIONAL	Gideon "Onion Gallery" SAD BASTARD MUSIC 7:00 pm
Noah Pretentious & Genocide Aphid "Music for Cultural Imperialists" INDIE	Charles "Honking Load Of Bushwa" MUSIC FRIDAY NEWS	Horacio Corro "Free Subversion" LATIN AMERICAN MUSIC	J.D. Esq. & Angel Child "Front Porch Blues Show" BLUES 10:00 pm
R A D I O N E W S	SUMMER ENERGY SAVINGS: PVSolar Update	Jeff Fekete "Today's Aberration Tomorrow's Fashion" ECLECTIC	Timothy J. Matranga "Kicksville 29 B.C." ROCK 'N' ROLL
Radio Parallax	Richard "Cognition Break" ECLECTIC	DJ Adrian G. "Oh No Radiol!" HIP-HOP/HOUSE	
Your Friend Gina "Electricity & Lust" INDIE ROCK/ INDIE POP	XIXX "Now Even Venus is Cross- Eyed" HARSH/NOT HARSH	JOE FRANK	
Megan "Chicks & Cars" ROCK 'N' ROLL 10:00 pm	The Jestre "Cufk Pocs" EXPERIMENTAL/NOTHING		
TOP TEN			
LIVE IN STUDIO A			

-Monday-

Midnight-2am
Hominoidia
Hominid

Modern music for the modern monkey: Domesticate your primate with the best new rock.

2am-4am
Your Jazz Education
Dr. Smokestack Lightning
A weekly thematic exploration of the wide world of jazz with a lovin' spoonful of poetry and a dash of philosophy.

4am-6am
Pshrinkrap with Stevie Black
DJ Snake
Smooth musak.

6AM-8:30AM
BJ's Big Bag of Blues
BJ
Tributes, themes, spotlights on locally performing groups, all designed to get you going.

8:30 am-9:30 am
It's About you
Hosted by France Senecal
A positive, challenging, and empowering approach to life and death and everything else. You have the power to inform yourself and change anything you wish to change. Are you who you want to be now? Expert guests discuss issues and events to assist the audience in better defining their personal ethics and opinions. Who do you choose to be... and why? Poetry, music, and quotes reflect the topic of the day.

9:30am-Noon
Bat Country
Acadius Lost
Pounding EBM Dark angry electro punctuated with moody gothic bits, with a side order of industrial covers of your favorite 80s anthems.

Noon-2:30pm
Mayhem & Psychosis
Jason Mata
The best in 60's garage, psychedelia, soul, latin soul & other oddities

2:30 pm-4:30pm
The Richard Nixon Action Show
Action Ranger Timmy
Forward action rangers! Defy such conventions as the genre orientated radio show. Fight the evils of... hey, is that artificially flavored grape drink?

4:30pm-5pm
Free Speech Radio News

5pm-6pm
Health Matters
Hosted by Alaina Lee and Max Mak
Educating the community on different health issues. Emphasis on how to achieve healthy living. Subtopics include sex and sexuality, nutrition, alcohol and other drugs.
Alt. w/
Medline
Hosted by Hanieh Reid
Talk and question show about health concerns, public health policy, cultural issues and medicine. By Imani, a free, student-run clinic in Sacramento.

6:00pm-8:00pm
POP! & Circumstance
Miss Marnie Hotpants
Pop gems of then and now and rock n' roll for the soul; A magical land of theme shows & tea parties on the discothèque floor.

8:00pm-10:00pm
Nothing Exceeds Like Excess
Brian Faulkner
Psych, space, drone, whatever....

10:00pm-Midnight
CMT Session
Sammy Toyon
Hip-hop that satisfies. God bless safe harbor, pass the blank tapes.

-Tuesday-

Midnight-2am
Funky Serenity
Mr. Glass
Electronic soul. Phuture jazz, down tempo, and hip-hop.

2:00am-4:00am
Eufonik
Show Title
Real hip-hop flava since '01 puttin' down.

4:00am-6:00am
Royale with Cheese
DJ Royale
Great music, metric style.

6:00am-8:30am
Rock Talk
Kadie w/a "D" Tani w/ an "N"
Indie, indie pop, emo, sad core, acoustic & other mellow sketchy tunes.

8:30am-9:30am
This Week in Science
Hosted by Kristen Sanford, Greg Yen, Ted Dunning
Discussing and dissecting major issues in the sciences. From solar systems to microcosms, hear both cutting edge and controversial topics brought to an accessible level. Listen and learn about this week in science.

9:30am-Noon
Inaudibly Free
Lelon
Indie Pop Rock

Noon-2:30pm
The Center of the Universe
Michael Mercury
Astrology talk show

2:30pm-4:30pm
Slogan's Run
DJ Pir
Music for the earvolution.

4:30pm-5pm
Free Speech Radio News
5:00pm-6:00pm
Panic Attack
Hosted by Jeff Kravitz
Attorney and guests discuss the things that make people panic: drugs, sex, race, religion, politics, war, death, and more. Panic, don't panic, panic...listen to Panic Attack!
Alt. w/
Speaking in Tongues
Hosted by Ron Glick
Featuring interviews with a wide variety of guests, both local and national, discussing labor, environment, civil rights and international issues, with an emphasis on underrepresented views.

6pm-7pm
KDVS Radio Theater
Steve Edberg
Original locally produced audio plays.

7pm-8pm
AGGIE TALK

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8pm-9pm
Hometown Atrocities
Todd Urlick
Bubblegum, Emo, Indie, Garage, Power Pop, 70's Punk, 60's Junk, hc, specializing in new releases.

9pm-11pm
The Chicken Years
Mr. Mick Mucus
Fun with Sound.

11pm-Midnight
The Rebel Kind
Scott Soriano
I dig the vinyl graveyard.

-Wednesday-

Midnight-2am
Mohawk Fetish
Janie Venom
Outside the boundaries of good taste.

2am-4am
Electric Samurai Astropunk
DJ Nemo
Indie pop and indie rock, with occasional exceptions.
Alt. w/

Melodic Mayhem
Grace & Red
Mix of Hip Hop, Reggae, Rock

4am-6am
All Things Core
G-Funk & Loc Squeeshus
The newest releases in punk, hardcore, grind, metal, emo, indie. The best in Hip Hop since '95. None of that poppy crap!

6am-8:30am
Radio Flamenco
La Blanca
World music from polka to flamenco.

8:30am-9:30am
The Fringe
DJ Fringe Sister
Politics seen through freeform thought, music, and poetry.

9:30am-Noon
Transit Gloria
Annedroid
Music for the Valley of the Dolls

Noon-2:30pm
Turntable Technicians and Techno Affiliates
DJ Atom O.N.E.
Live DJ mixing and live PA artists. Covering all the various styles of dance music culture; including trance, house, breakbeat, drum & bass, hip hop, and jungle!

2:30pm-4:30pm
My Show
Your DJ
Whatever I feel like playing, whatever you need to hear.

4:30pm-5pm
Free Speech Radio News

5pm-6pm
Poetry and Technology Hour
Hosted by Dr. Andy
Multidisciplinary exploration of entertaining thought, opinion, and current events somehow connected to poetry and technology.

6pm-8pm
The End
DJ VSX
Experimental music for the beginning of the end.

8pm-10pm
The Insomniac Jungle Show
DJ Tao
Mostly a mix show of drum and bass...mostly. A representation of urban breakbeat culture. Featuring live mixing and occasional guest DJ's. Droppin' new releases and classics. Big-ups to all Junglists!

10pm-Midnight
Open Sleep
Riff Raff
The best in Hip Hop since '95.

-Thursday-

Midnight-2am
Blazin' beneath the Surface
Skely Skel & DJ S.A.V.
Beats you can chop it 2

2am-4am
Goats and Crafts
Charles and Charles
Patching together reeds, roots, and rhythms.

4am-6am
Elliot and Eric
Elliot Thomas, Eric Stewart
Talk, and hopefully call in, with some music

6am-8:30am
Rock Art
Karen Cardichi
A spontaneous collage of music, spoken word & other sounds indelibly carved on the airwaves.

8:30am-9:30am
Cooking with Madeline
Hosted by Madeline Kenefick
and John Walsh
Recipes, guests, and cooking
tips.

9:30am-Noon
Devious Metal Show
MetalGina
The most brutal metal show in
the history of humanity.

Noon-2:30pm
Fruit Covered Nails
Da & Jake
Pure pop for now people.

2:30pm-4:30pm
Music for Cultural Imperialists
Noah Pretentious & Genocide
Aphid
All Belle and Sebastian, all the
time, accompanied by two
charming and dashing youths.

4:30pm-5pm
Free Speech Radio News

5pm-6pm
Radio Parallax
Douglas Everett
A show covering current
events, science & technology,
with some comedy thrown in.

6pm-8pm
Electricity and Lust
Your Friend Gina
Music to make out to.

8pm-10pm
Chicks and Cars
Megan
Hormone-riddled adolescents
making music about their
obsessions in primal fashion,
with excursions into their world
after frat parties were
abandoned for freakouts, but
well before they became
mechanics and lawyers.

10pm-11pm
KDVS Top Ten
Based on weekly airplay.

11pm-Midnight
Live in Studio A
Bands playing live on the air.

-Friday-

Midnight-2am
Get off your Mustang, Sally
Ed & Remy
Moving big black boxes from
one side of town to the other.

2am-4am
Radio Wadada
PaPaWheelie
A late night reggae/dub
session featuring old and new
reggae, dub & dancehall.
Also featuring reggae from
around the world.

4am-6am
Jargonistic Contamination
Carson
Exploring the world of noise,
hip hop, and metal.

6am-8:30am
On the Road
The Highway Man
Classical underground with
focus on the Romantic era,
movie composers, and video
game music. Indulge in
classical music with an edge.

8:30am-9:30am
Counterspin
A critical examination of the
major stories each week, and
exposes what the mainstream
media might have missed in
their own coverage.
Alt. w/
Contemporary International
and Domestic Legal Issues
Hosted by International Law
Forum
How do Californians respond
to international issues?

9:30-Noon
Nori Nori Tako
marioshoku
Fun sounds, mostly of the
noisy and experimental
variety. I wouldn't have it any
other way.

Noon-2pm
Sweet Reverberations
Paul
Music interspersed with
mammogram announcements.
1,2,3 eyes on me. 4,5,6 zip
those lips.

2pm-4pm
Honking Load of Bushwa
Charles
It's like staying up all
afternoon listening to
records...

4pm-4:30pm
KDVS News
Local news with your host
Marcus Ulrich

4:30pm-5pm
Free Speech Radio News

5pm-6pm
Energy and the Environment
PV Peggy
A weekly discussion of statewide
issues that relate to energy and
other natural resources. Is global
warming occurring? What will be
the end result? Is solar power the
future? Are hybrid cars feasible?
These questions, and many more,
will be addressed on the show.

6pm-8pm
Cognition Break
Richard
Plunderphonics

8pm-10pm
Now even Venus is cross-eyed
XIXX
I play harsh and sometimes not
harsh.

10pm-Midnight
Cufk Pocs
The Jestre
Fi uyo kas noe rome item I /iwl/
beakr oyur kufingc dario. Fi uyo
nac dear sith, uten ni rof rome.

-Saturday-

Midnight-3am
Shut Your Filthy Cake Hole
Pirate & DJ Krispy Crème
Punk, Metal, Hardcore,
Giveaways, Concert Info

3am-6am
Violent Mustard Radio
Rez and Firebunny Mary
A different sort of electronic, w/
some rock to keep things off beat,
expect anything from minimal to
downtempo to noise.
Alt. w/
Manic Expression
Klinger
Plunge into a plaid diversity of
musical ingenuity... (beeotches)

6am-9am
Buried Alive in the Blues
Big Dave
What better way to start your
weekend? Listen to blues from
everywhere- new and old, national
and international on buried alive in
the blues.

9am-Noon
Saturday Morning Folk Show
Bill Wagman Alt. w/ Robyn Fawx
A wide variety of folk music,
including Celtic, bluegrass, old-
time, and Americana.

Noon-3pm
Blues Thang

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Mario
Old Blues. New Blues. All
Blues.
3pm-6pm
Crossing Continents
Gil Medovoy
Mostly traditional music from
Indian sub continent, Far East,
Middle East, and
Mediterranean region.

6pm-8pm
Free Subversion
Horacio Corro
Latin American music and
rock en espanol.

8pm-9pm
Today's Abberation,
Tomorrow's Fashion
Jeffrey Fekete
Completely current releases-
an eclectic selection fresh out
of the wrapper.

9pm-11pm
Oh No Radio!
DJ Adrian G
House and Hip Hop mix show

11pm-midnight
Joe Frank

-Sunday-

Midnight-3am
Punk 'n' Roll
Janie Venom, Riot MG,
Stephanie Arsenick
Alternating DJs playing all
the hardcore tunes you can
handle.

3am-6am
The Session
Killafornia B and Swerve
Ellison
Hip Hop & R&B

6am-8am
Songs of Praise Gospel
Program
Bobby H
Contemporary and Traditional
gospel

8am-10am
In Focus/Perspective
Bernard Benson
In Focus, a religious talk
show whose theme is solving
problems of students and the
community in light of
scripture; Perspective, live
Christian plays and skits;
Christian Music, live
Christian bands, etc.

10am-1pm
Rockin' and Rhythm Archives

Rich Blackmarr
Vintage R+B, Blues, Jazz,
Gospel + Reggae in historical
context.
Alt. w/
The New Island Radio Café
Gary Saylin
Hawaiian (mostly slack key
guitar and traditional) and
roots Jamaica ska, rocksteady
& reggae. New releases
emphasized.
Alt. w/
Cross Cultural
Mindy Steuer
Reggae, African, & Cuban/
Brazilian

1pm-4pm
The Black Ark
King Alcohol
Free and spontaneous jazz
from all over the globe!!!!

4pm-7pm
Onion Gallery
Gideon
Do you realize that everyone
you know will someday die?
Here's the show to help you
mourn the future loss.

7pm-10pm
The Front Porch Blues Show
JD Esquire & Angel Child
The first hour of the show is
acoustic, Delta, and early
Chicago blues for the
downhome blues lover. Tune
in to hear the great legends and
lesser known artists who
formed the roots of indigenous
American music We also
feature contemporary acoustic
blues artists. Second and third
hours of the show are a medley
of contemporary blues with a
special emphasis on Chicago
blues.

10pm-midnight
Kicksville 29 B.C.
Tim Matranga
Raw rock n' roll, rock n' soul
& psych. All the best, all the
time. A 10 year tradition.

This quarter, KDVS
laments the loss of several
influential DJ's who have
left the station recently.
These individuals are Donkey
Flybye, Sondra HALabi, Liz
Berg, Josh BElsky, and
Justin Beck. They will be
missed by both listeners and
radio staff.

* Artists on this list were either one time on KRS, are currently, or stayed on throughout their career. ☺

#1 BIKINI KILL 1991-1998

Fueled by feminism and their attachment to their underground roots, this band was one of the angriest, most pissed off grrl bands around (exception guitarist Billy Karren). Created by vocalist Kathleen Hanna who screamed, growled and shouted her angst filled anthems, and Tobi Vail, drummer, occasional vocals and former G/F of Kurt Cobain. They were one of the biggest names in the early 90's, underground 'Riot Grll' phase; but nevertheless stood true to their beliefs. Songs like "Rebel Girl", "Suck My Left One", "Reject All American", "Carnival" and "White Boy" are obvious examples.

#2 ELLIOTT SMITH ? - Present

Before his minor mainstream success of "Miss Misery" in 'Good Will Hunting', Elliott Smith was an underground singer-songwriter who fit well in the Indie rock scene. His early albums are very raw and emotional. His most current release on DreamWorks is a little more upbeat, and somewhat brighter; but he still has to be one of Indies' most talented. With deep, heartfelt songs like "2:45 AM", "Between the Bars" and "Rose Parade" to radiant tracks like, "Bled White", "Waltz #2 XO", and "Son of Sam", his unstoppable talent has me in awe.

by: KLINGER

#3 COMET GAIN ? - Present

Uniquely eclectic and very fun, Comet Gain is another great band out of England. Their new album includes a mixture of harsh, loud, Indie rock songs and soft pop songs. Track 7, "Ripped-up Suit" is co-written and sung by KRS regular, Kathleen Hanna. Their unreleased song on 'Fields and Streams', [the new KRS comp], called "Look at You Now, You Crying" is a great 5+ minute song you can't help but get hooked on. Mixed with female and male vocals; the weaving of sounds, moods and pace makes this band one of a kind.

#4 PEECHEELS 1994-1998

The Peecheel's were obnoxious, naive, loud and uncoordinated; perfect for punk rock. The whining, screeching and wailing vocals from lead singer Christopher Appelgren, along with the warped array of the instrumentals gave the band their magic. This is a band the 90's can be proud of. Song's like, "I Could Have Loved You", "The Restart", "Do the Math" and "Pepper", draw you in and keep you glued.

#5 DEEP LUST ?

Fast, aggressive and powered by the abusive vocals of Allison Wolfe [bratmobile]. Their S/T album is very raw and after listening to it, you will wonder what the hell you just heard. The first song, their cover of the Doors "the Changeling", rocks my ass to Russia alone.

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KRS
Rock Stars

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FCC FAILS TO PROMOTE REAL

"SHOCK RADIO"

On August 15, the infamous shock jock duo of "Opie and Anthony" crossed the elusive and often subjective line of "decency" patrolled by the Federal Communications Commission. Full details of the on-air stunt were widely reported and a full account was published at the web site thesmokinggun.com.

The ill-conceived "Sex for Sam" challenge invited listeners to find the most taboo public places to engage in sex acts with the most "creative" entry landing a trip to Boston's Sam Adams brewery. A listener called in play by play commentary as he witnessed two "contestants" from inside the walls of New York's Saint Patrick's Cathedral. Opie and Anthony aired the account live on the Infinity owned WNEW New York flagship and on scores of syndicated affiliate stations nationwide including one in Sacramento.

Fallout was swift and expected. A flood of enraged listener complaints led to an immediate firing of O and A by Infinity execs. In September, Sam Adams top dog, Jim Cook began airing apology ads for association with the incident in the beer's home market of Boston, surely essential damage control given the large Irish Catholic population there. The Federal Communications Commission, while certainly poised to respond, never had to decide or even really threaten publicly to revoke WNEW's license. The station is a huge moneymaker in the nation's top market. Infinity like any other large broadcasting company knew that replacing a couple of shock jocks would be far cheaper than facing advertiser boycotts or losing the WNEW revenue stream entirely. Industry observers pointed out that the Opie and Anthony firing was disingenuous given the manner shock talkers are egged on by management to push the limits and then booted out when they go too far. Often, the personalities who stage offensive stunts land better gigs in larger markets or on bigger networks after the furor subsides.

By: Jeffrey Fekete

All this makes for titillating water cooler gossip, elected official fist pounding, and sensational headlines that are good for those in the business of media and the business of politics. Unfortunately, the whole flap and others like it are huge distractions from real shortcomings with Congress and the presidentially appointed federal communications commissioners. In the instance of Opie and Anthony, the religious conservatives and the generically offended have been mollified, while free speech advocates will rightly choose more important hills from which to wage their continuing fight. However, the U.S. electorate will probably continue to be generally oblivious to FCC and Congressional failure to work together to strengthen the democratic process in a meaningful way.



A stern (pun intended) lecture to broadcasters by FCC officials and lawmakers is good political theater and about as useful as President

Bush's recent scolding of corruptible CEOs in the wake of the Enron and WorldCom scandals. Whether it's dirty talk on the radio or dirty dealings on Wall Street, the rules of engagement between government and business are fairly predictable and the outcomes predetermined. Opportunities for real, thoughtful, and effective reform are generally lost in the posturing to show the appearance of a response to the latest "crisis".

As for obscenity on the radio, the real obscenity lies in fact that the FCC hasn't been empowered by Congress and the President to allocate specific frequencies of the public airwaves for full time local, state, and federal candidate debate. The FCC could add whole new dimension to the on again off again campaign finance reform movement simply by suggesting this to the executive and legislative branches.

Unlike the web, C-Span, or community access cable, radio's household penetration is virtually 100%. Even the most destitute segments of the U.S. population are likely to have access to a radio. New community frequencies could be established and administered in a non-partisan fashion to present a kind of 24-7 version of our sample ballot books complete with moderated debates, public meeting broadcasts, etc.

Sorry, but neither NPR nor the plethora of church groups who own existing community licenses could be trusted to do this impartially. Perhaps a League of Women Voters and a volunteer rotating board of community members with divergent political views could be given a shot and access to government-owned space for studios. State controlled media? No. A positive use of a portion of the public airwaves? Possibly.

Would anyone listen? Maybe not, but if combined with severe spending limits and a ban on all candidate advertising that plugs politicians like deodorant, we might go a long way to "shocking" a system presently rigged by special interest fueling of runaway campaign machines.

Don't expect the puppet commissioners at the FCC to advocate this logical use of broadcast frequencies anytime soon. Don't expect commercial broadcasters to champion such a cause because candidate ads, even though priced at the lowest prevailing rates by law, are still good money to stations. Some elected officials are sympathetic to reform and this would be one more tool they could promote. In the end the voting public needs to show as much interest in the "town hall" potential inherent in the airwaves they supposedly own as they do in listening to, or bitching about, potty-mouthed deejays.



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For the 10 piece salsa, Latin jazz, booty shakin'

hip hop band out of Los Angeles called Ozomatli, its all about making good music and spreading knowledge.

Following their second album "Embrace The Chaos" which was released in September of 2001, Ozomatli undertook mammoth touring that landed them in none other than Freeborn Hall in Davis, CA. I, along with Horacio Corro and Kramjob jumped at the chance of an interview with Ozomatli, who so graciously agreed. Having a reputation for making "the people's music", Ozomatli's music is comprised of politically conscious lyrics and Latin beats that never fail to leave you floored. With their horns, drums, energy, and personality Ozomatli is not a band to be slept on.

Read carefully, discover a dope band, and keep your eyes open. You never know when you might learn something.
-Peace, Neshani

Wil Dog: WD

Jiro: J

Uli: U

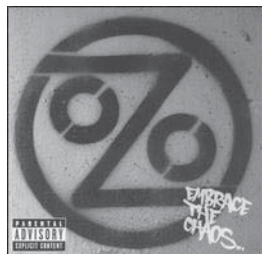
Raul: R

Asdru: A

Kramjob: K

Horacio: H

Neshani: N



K: Anything you guys want to tell us to start off? I want to hear if you guys have anything to say right off the bat. What about telling us how you started out?

U: We started about 7 years ago in Los Angeles at the Peace and Justice Center.

K: Who came up with the name Ozomatli?

A: The original drummer Antonio, but he's not in the band anymore.

N: What does Ozomatli mean?

A: The Aztec God of Dance, pretty much.

H: So the Peace and Justice Center, did that happen after the L.A. Riots or what is the purpose of that?

R: The building itself and the center itself aren't there anymore, but things came out of it. There was a strike. Um, some people in the band were there and were working for this community program that they felt they should have better benefits for that was contracted by the city, by the state and things like that. They had a sit-in and



got fired, and that was the start of a center dedicated to art, music for kids and for the youth of L.A. This way we got the opportunity to play for people. And that is how we got started.

HC: That's cool, are you guys still involved in community organizations and things of that sort?

R: We try to you know, but we are on the road a lot and its hard because we don't have ties everywhere else other than in L.A. But for example on May 12th we are having an event called Art Speaks in Los Angeles at the Palace. Its called "Not In Our Name" and its about just encouraging and letting the world and everyone else know that not everyone is agreeing with the war in this country and we are trying to raise that issue and trying to get as many people out there to keep pushing that cause out more and more.

N: I know you guys are down for Mumia, and organizations like indymedia.org, and Refuse and Resist. I was wondering how that influences your music, and if you guys get any negative feedback from the messages in your music. Especially from being against the war in the situation we are in right now.

WD: With this anti-war thing going on now, I said some stuff in the New York Daily News, because we went and played there a couple weeks after September 11th, and I did an interview with them and said how I felt. I said I thought it was a travesty what happened in New York but in no way does that give any right to send troops and kids into a place where they know nothing about. They don't even know what they are fighting for, only to kill and bomb people. Its not like blood for

blood you know? And people sent me hate mail.... but I'm going to keep on putting out the message.

N: Well someone has to be a voice for the people..

N: This is a question for Jiro. I was wondering who your influences are as far as the tabla and sitar are concerned and what drew you to Classical Indian Music.

J: Tabla influences? Zakir Hussain, Shankar Gosh...there is a pretty big list.

N: How long have you been playing for?

J: About 10 years. I started going to concerts and I was like wow what are those crazy drums? And I decided to learn.

K: Okay..change of subject. Do you guys advocate marijuana in your songs?

WD: Not at all.

K: Why is that?

WD: 'Cause it's not important. There are enough bands out there going "Yea I like to smoke weed", and that's cool. If you like to smoke weed, it's fine. Its not an important trait like "Oh its cool" or "not cool".. it's a little played out.

U: Smoking weed is not played out, but singing songs about smoking weed is played out. It's all based on individual choices.

WD: It's not something I want to portray, like oh weed, cool, join the 420 Club. There's lots of other things you could spend your energy on, promoting and shit. [But when] my dad [was passing away] of cancer, [...] I talked him into eating brownies from these nice people up north that made them for him and he started eating them and gained weight. So I'd promote weed for something like that.

U: There are obviously serious issues with marijuana and at the same time I think most of

what comes out as far as the promotion musically its just about the more superficial aspects of it.

K: (To Wil-Dog) You said to me before that you were anti-Israel. Can you explain further on that?

WD: I didn't say I am anti-Israel, I said I am not an Israel supporter. Just like I am not a supporter of the US. The US policy and Israel policy are about control. Should you have the

right to go and live somewhere? Yea, everyone should, but that shouldn't mean kicking anyone out of somewhere that they already are, regardless of who was there first. All that to me is like people have a



right to live and that goes for everybody across the board.

K: So you aren't anti-Israel, you are anti-violence.

WD: Well I am anti- U.S. That's the whole thing. The mindset that I've found [...] it doesn't give us the right to do that to other people at all, under any circumstance. And I view.... what was I saying?

U: See what marijuana does to you! See what it does! Naw but anything that comes to support power, money or crime to humanity starts to get really bad.

WD: I mean I don't support suicide bombers as well but I think that wasn't the root of the problem to begin with. And if you go to Israel, Palestinians didn't start it. Israel started the situation with help of the US and if you look at the history of what was going on, Palestinians didn't just start bombing people. Israel came in there and kicked everyone out of a certain area and said we are going to control this providence. For whatever reason, I don't see that that's the way to solve things.

H: It looks like you are still strongly linked to those kinds of issues. Talking about the Zapatista movement do you have a relationship with the movement in Chiapas?

U: None of us have ever been there. There were a lot of people working towards the movement in Los Angeles and some of us were involved, but we were involved in supporting what they were doing and helping to raise awareness through events and things like that.

H: You did a couple concerts right?

U: Yea, we appreciate the movement and I think it's a model for a lot of people so that was our way of spreading the consciousness.

WD: And our first name when we started out as a band was Somos Marcos. Before we became Ozomatli we were Somos Marcos and that was at a time

where we didn't have a name. We were like "What do we name it?" And at the beginning that's all we did...benefits for different causes.

H: So can I say that was one of your main influences when you started?

U: I think at that time the consciousness of the Zapatistas was heavy so it was an image and a movement that meant a lot to us. That and people like Mumia Abu Jamal. I mean there are so many groups and people that we can name as examples of change.

K: So what's up with Chali2na? How are you guys dealing with him these days? What's going on with him and you guys?

A: You want us to go and cuss him out? We can! Naw seriously though, Tuna.. a lot of us are still really close to him.

K: Do you still consider him a part of the band?

A: It's been a long time since he as been on stage with us or whatever. But he's always part of the band; you know what I'm saying? I wouldn't be surprised if he does something with us in the future.

K: He just decided to leave you guys for Jurassic 5 huh?

J: Well he was in J5 before he was in Ozo. J5 was around for a lot longer so it was more like J5 had dibs on him.

K: Do they have any future plans for you guys? I know you guys said that you have plans for them.

U: Um I don't know, I don't see anything happening in the future with them because they are recording their new album and we are on the road. But who knows, they might call us up and want dog to play bass on one of their new tracks.

WD: Yea, I played bass on a lot of their shit on the last album and on the EP.

N: I think we gotta go 'cause it looks like you guys are up soon. Thanks so much for the interview though.



And now... a show bio. "The Fringesister"

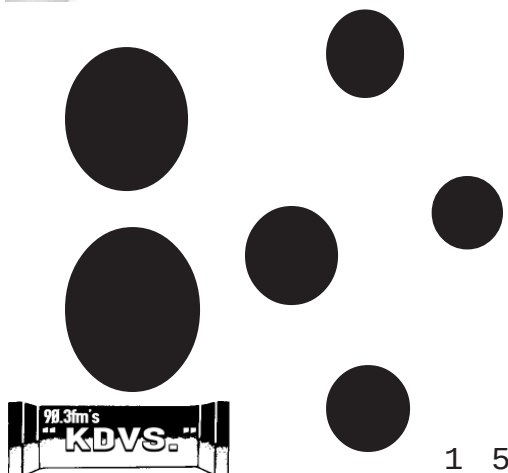
Shelly Crouse-Monarez - DJ Fringesister - has stepped up to
continue "The Fringe" as **Jesse Molina** - DJ Mystery Duke - has now



moved to Massachusetts. "The Fringe", a public affairs show, airs Wednesdays 8:30am - 9:30am and features community events, informations for the L.G.B.T. community, info on local women's music happenings and political commentary on current events.

Shel is a local activist, violinist, actress, vocalist, law librarian, artist and adventurer who is excited to provide a bicultural (bisexual/chicana, artist/scientist, liberal Catholic, student/scholar) voice on the local airwaves.

DJ Fringesister can be reached at : Fringesister@yahoo.com
or check her website at www.geocities.com/ShellyCrouse_



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46 DJs ONE SURVIVOR

BY JAMES MAH (AKA: ACTION RANGER TIMMY)

KDVS KOMBAT

SPRING 2002. DARK TIMES HAVE DESCENDED UPON KDVS. WITH ONLY ONE WORKING CD PLAYER LEFT AT THE STATION, EVERYONES SHOW IS IN JEOPARDY. WHILE SOME HAVE CHOSEN TO PLAY RECORDS OR LIVE MUSIC, THOSE WHO STILL WANT TO PLAY CDS FIND THEMSELVES WITH TWO OPTIONS; SHARE THE CD PLAYER UNTIL IT BREAKS FROM EXCESSIVE USE OR DEFEAT THE OTHERS AND CLAIM THE CD PLAYER. CHIEF ENGINEER POMPOUS JOSH ORGANIZES A TOURNAMENT TO DETERMINE WHO WILL DECIDE THE FATE OF THE CD PLAYER.

45 DJs ANSWER THE CHALLENGE, SOME WANTING THE CD PLAYER, OTHERS HOPING TO PROVE THE SUPERIORITY OF THEIR FIGHTING SKILLS OR MUSICAL TASTES. YET OTHERS HAVE DARKER AGENDAS. THE TOURNAMENT IS SET AND THE FIGHT HAS BEGUN.

AT THE REQUEST OF VARIOUS PARTIES, THE MINUTE LONG KDVS KOMBAT STORY WILL BE RERUN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER MONTHS DURING FALL QUARTER ON **THE RICHARD NIXON ACTION SHOW** DURING THE WEEK OF **OCTOBER 18TH**.





ew.

by: Your Friend Gina



It lurks. It hides. It waits for you on doorknobs. It is there in the holes in your bowling ball. It clings to the palms of the people you must shake hands with. And, like the most formidable of opponents, it is invisible.

I'm not really talking about dirt, per se. You know how it goes—God made dirt, so dirt don't hurt. I'm not a neat freak. Anyone who has seen my bedroom can attest to this. But—call me crazy—I don't like touching poo, especially when it doesn't belong to me. To my chagrin, I'm coming to the realization that if I want to live in today's modern world, I'm going to have to touch a requisite amount of bodily fluids.

I don't claim to be the world's cleanest gal. To my credit, though, I at least have the decency and the presence of mind to wash my hands after I go to the bathroom or engage in any other activity in which touching my privates is involved. This is apparently too much to ask of a lot of people. Why? I seriously doubt that hand washing is too much of a time-waster in today's fast-paced, dot-com world. And don't tell me that you wrote a note to yourself on your hand and don't want to wash it off, because like a penguin with one flipper, that ain't gonna fly. Miss Marnie Hotpants told me that she saw a thing on TV where they tested a bunch of public places for germs, and you know where they found the most feces bacteria? On movie theater seats. Come on, people! It's like, people are going potty and being really careful not to touch anything in the bathroom (especially—God forbid—the soap) and then they go back to their seats put their grubby little hands all over the place they're going to be sitting for the next 118 minutes. Yeah, real smart. Don't pass the popcorn.

Working retail has made me further realize that people are so gross and inconsiderate. One summer when I was in high school, I worked at Toys 'R' Us. This job sucked in too many ways to get into here, but none of them quite so bad as in terms of the nasty-ass things people duped me into touching. Here's something that happened to me almost every day: Mommy and Daddy would get Junior a Hot Wheels or something, and they'd let the kid hold onto it until it was time to check out. And what do little kids do? They put everything in their mouths. So when the time came for me to ring them up, Mom would say "Give it to the lady!" thinking their lil' consumer-in-training was so cute, and presto, I've just had to fondle something with gross kiddie spit all over it. One kid had eaten half of one of those

little tickets that you get when you want to buy something too big or expensive to carry around, and the remaining part was covered in baby-goo.

If I was lucky, I would get a halfhearted "Sorry." We also sold these big, milk container-sized jugs full of bubble soap. One day, I found a rogue one and, picking it up by the handle to return it to the

bubble soap corral, my hand was met with some sticky globby thing that turned out to be a big wad of A.B.C. gum. I spent my entire fifteen-minute break scrubbing my hand like Lady Macbeth. Is it so hard to like, oh, I don't know, use a trash can? I would have rather the asshole thrown it on the floor. At least there would have been no skin-to-gum contact if my shoe had been involved.

Now I have a slightly less shitty job at a record store¹ where I deal with fewer children but just as many gross customers. There are the people who hide their trash in various locations throughout the store like they were Easter eggs. Oh, lucky day! I have found someone's half-finished Blow Pop behind the Ted Nugent CDs! I found a half-empty latte from Starbucks once that had been there so long that it had mold starting to grow in it.

Something you'll always find in the cracks of the CD bins are sunflower seeds. I guess they passed some law that says it's okay to spit shells all over the place because they biodegrade or something. At least most people are discreet about it. Yeah, I said "most." Some woman came up to me once to ask if we had something, and she had a friend with her. And friend lady was eating sunflower seeds and spitting the shells out of her mouth onto the floor and all over the CDs *right in front of me*. WTF? Did she think it was okay? I gave her a look, but I guess she had no clue what was going on and continued to spit shells all over the place.² Remember when you were little and you rationalized every irrational thing you did by saying, "It's a free country," and sticking your tongue out? I'm guessing this was the driving force behind her behavior, with a dash of that "The customer is always right" mentality that also compels people to try to return underwear to Macy's that they've already worn.

And then there's the most pernicious beast of them all: money. Worse off, there's no way I can avoid this. I have to touch it all day long. I'll bet that a good 40% of the cash I'm given has, at one point or another, been stuffed into some stripper's g-string, and a good 50% of those bills having rested between her or his butt cheeks. Thanks, but no thanks. Money is a paper product, so you're supposed to keep it dry, although apparently some people have a problem with this idea. Yes, I am talking about sweaty money. You know when you're wearing those snug pants on a hot day, and you have to reach in your back pocket because you know you left a fiver in there? And when you finally fish it out, it's got that soggy feel to it. Most people know not to foist their butt sweat-soaked bills on cashiers, but I guess some folks just don't know any better. If I have to hang up your money to dry, you should just use the plastic. Then there are the women who actually keep their cash in their bras. I used to think these women didn't actually exist. But, like people who enjoyed *Dude, Where's My Car?*, this is an all too real phenomenon. So, faster than you can say, "That'll be \$16.15," they're fishing in between their enormous, perspiring breasts for that twenty that they swear they remember stuffing in there after they finished watching *Jenny Jones*. Oh, there it is. Thanks so much. Next time, why don't we eliminate the middleman and you just grab my face and rub it all over your chi-chis?

But I really shouldn't be complaining, because it's the people who have to deal with pornography who have it really bad. Although porn makes me alternately giggly, uncomfortable, angry, and intrigued, my quarrel here is not necessarily with porn itself or the people who enjoy it—it's with the guys who think it's okay to jizz all over everything. If you work at a porno rental place, you'd better have a good pair of rubber gloves, because when the time comes to check in movies in the morning, you WILL have to deal with some spoooge. Now, how a man can find a black plastic rectangle erotic is beyond me, but if you're gonna get dude-juice on it and you know someone's going to have to deal with it the next day, use some Lysol, for heaven's sake. And, for those who feel masturbation isn't just an "at home" kind of activity, it is my understanding that there are men who have no qualms about whipping it out in the middle of the store and going to town. I think this is the reason the trenchcoat was originally invented. If male masturbation didn't involve that sticky stuff that we all know and love, then I would be only marginally creeped out by this—but the fact of the matter is that someone's gonna have to clean up the mess, and the



masturbators never take it upon themselves to be the ones to do so.

So what's a girl to do? Yellow isn't my color, so I can't get one of those suits they wore in *Outbreak*. The dainty 1950s gloved look isn't really me either. I plan on quitting my job today if I don't chicken out, but I'm not going to stop going to the movies. As much as I'd like to try it out, I can't realistically stay in my apartment watching TV all the time. One possible solution is to become one with them: to not care about what fluids I foist upon my fellow citizens and to not care what fluids they foist upon me. But I don't think I'll ever get over thinking that touching pee, spit, barf, and whatever else comes out of people is totally gross. So be a pal and pass the hand sanitizer.

(Footnotes)

1 I am leaving for work in fifteen minutes, and if I don't chicken out, I'm going to put in the ol' "two weeks." Hooray for me.

2 I know, I know. I should have said something. Really, I should have said nothing and just handed her a broom. I acknowledge my poor judgement, but that still doesn't excuse her behavior.

3 For more on this topic, see <http://www.improvisation.ws/mb/showthread.php?s=&threadid=4475>.





Destroy your safe and happy lives before it's too late

A Mekons Show Review

By Ed

"OOOH! (Out of Our Heads)" the Mekons' new album, released the 20th of last month, is a strong installment that marks the Mekons' twenty-five years in existence. And one year after Sept 11th, the album serves as much of a veiled commentary about the events which have since transpired as it stays close to the Mekons' now standard amalgamation of punk, dub, and C&W, and lyrics full of bawdy humor and intellectual insight, comprised of socialist treatises and odd tales of love and sex, all while transforming history into myth (and vice versa).

All this from issuing from a couple of Leeds (England) art schoolers who picked up the Gang of Four's instruments for a laugh while the band had left for the pub. Jon Langford and Tom Greenhalgh (with the addition of a few others) subsequently found themselves only a matter of months later signed to Virgin Records in the resulting surge to sign anyone who resembled punks after the Sex Pistols' recent explosion in the British music scene. The Mekons later had a large role in inventing insurgent country in the mid-80's after fusing the standard punk setup with a predilection with earlier, pre-Country (with a capital "C") country artists such as Hank Williams, adding members and a wider range of instruments to the guitar/bass/drums setup and (and dropping members as the seasons changed). But then the Mekons, despite Virgin's hopes, were not a standard punk band even in the beginning, responding to the Clash's "White Riot" with their own "Never Been In a Riot." Their music, although changing quite a bit from album to album, has always been rooted in the twin bases of punk

rage and C&W despair, never steering shy of either intellectualism or taking the piss. Witness their 1996 album "Pussy, Queen of the Pirates," which fuses the myth-infused work of author Kathy Acker together with beer-soaked obscenity. The Mekons have also consistently written lyrics condemning the rich and powerful, reflecting their socialist origins. In keeping with these beliefs, various members have also lent their efforts towards a number of social issues over the years: in 1984 the band reformed as a touring unit solely to support the Miners' strikes in England, and Langford and Timms have been greatly involved in anti-death penalty protests in Illinois, after relocating to Chicago in the early '90s. With members spread across in San Francisco, Chicago, Leeds and London, which means the entire band is never together for more than 2 months a year, their 25th year sees them nevertheless producing some of their best work ever.

We drove around the Mission for a good half an hour trying to find parking near 826 Valencia, where the Mekons' art show was taking place before the concert that night. Admission was \$2-10, so after paying our \$6, we went into the gallery, which was extremely crowded. We found a themed series of artworks that coincided with the theme of the current album (and actually inspired the creation of the record), namely losing one's head in all of its literal, historical, and metaphorical ramifications.

Bizarre paintings of disembodied heads, abstract instructions for making shrunken heads, and a historical account of the beheading of Ann Boleyn, were included in the art show. A video monitor displayed the opening of the show in Leeds in May of last year and footage taken after young vandals broke into the September '01 showing in Manchester and destroyed about half of the artwork (ever the wit, Langford calls them "teenage art critics"). About ten minutes after we arrived, the reading began with each of the Mekons tackling the lyrics of a song from their new book "Hello Cruel World." The book compiles lyrics from their 25 years together as well as photos and artwork. The band bookended the reading by performing a couple recent songs with guitar and fiddle.

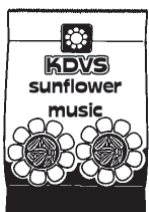
We walked a few blocks to Slim's, near downtown, on 11th St. Reminiscent of something in between a dockside bar and the setting of Headbanger's ball, Slim's has a standing area that runs pretty much the length of the building, a small balcony in the back with tables, and a very high stage in the front (The Mekons later mentioned how short the entire audience was). When we got there the place was practically empty, but started to fill up after the opening band, Waycross, started to play. Waycross, who were opening for all the west coast dates, had a couple of interesting (and contrasting) lead singers and good backup, but their songs were a bit too samey and they played for too long.

Finally, about at ten o'clock, the eight Mekons came on stage, a bit tipsy from the art show. Up front were the four singers: Langford and Greenhalgh, the two guitarists and founding members, joined by Sally Timms, lead vocalist, and Rico Bell, accordionist (both since the mid-80s). Behind them were Lu Edmonds on saz (a mandolin-lute instrument), Steve Goulding on drums, Susie Honeyman on fiddle (also all finding their way into the band

in the '80s) and relative newcomer Sarah Corina on bass (who joined in the '90s). They started off with the first song off the new album "Thee Olde Trip to Jerusalem," which was even better than the gospel-punkish version on the record. During the next song, "Tina," from their 2000 record, Langford broke a string and busted his thumb and went downstairs

for "a plaster." After the song was finished, the band looked stumped as to what to do with "their leader" downstairs, until they agreed on a song to do that didn't necessitate his presence. Langford returned while the song they chose (I forget which one) was ending and not fazed a bit, played as strong as ever.

The Mekons' set consisted of songs from most of their albums since '85 on, as they



had devoted their setlist to songs from '77-'83 the night before in Berkeley. About halfway through their set, they played a terrific version of "Hate is the New Love" from the new album. "Hate" is a song that bemoans the current state of conflict in the world and references some of the fundamentalist ideology behind it, "dangerous bibles, all moving for you," but concludes there is some of human nature behind it as well: "everyday is a battle/how we still love the war." Another highlight that practically everybody in the audience seemed to be waiting for was "Memphis, Egypt" from the '89 album "Rock 'n' Roll." The song is a stirring indictment of the music industry and its inextricable relationship with music, and both condemns rock music (and its capitalist nature) and celebrates it. It also commemorates their own struggles with major labels in a struggle to be heard while resisting executives' orders to be more commercial: "the battles we fought were long and hard/just not to be consumed by rock n' roll...we know the devil and we have shaken him by the hand/embraced him and thought his foul (stinking) breath was fine perfume/just like rock 'n' roll" (Shortly after that album came out they were dropped from the label for refusing to compromise their material.). Other standout performances were "I love Apple" dedicated as "our love song to NYC" and "Powers & Horror," sung by Jon, Tom, Rico, and Steve a cappella style, with only Rico's accordion filling in between the verses. During the show the musicians introduced each other (some band members were introduced several times) and tossed humorous banter back and forth between themselves. Members of the audience returned the favor with irony during "Neglect": when Timms began singing the caustic line "Give me 10,000 pounds," people began throwing crumpled dollar bills onto the stage, which Timms gathered during the rest of the song and began counting. After the show they came back on for an encore, playing some of their earliest singles from the '70s with a lot of enthusiasm. After much cheering from the audience, they came back for a second encore during which Greenhaud played an amazing version of the traditional song "Lone Pilgrim" from "OOOH!" They finished at about 12:30 after an amazing 2 1/2 hours. Next time they play in the Bay Area (or Sacramento) I'd recommend being there-what a fuckin' great show!

You can find the Mekons' albums on a multitude of labels: Roir, Sin, Twin/Tone, Blast First, Red Rhino, Caroline, A&M, Virgin, and Collector's Choice Music, but their recent records have been on Quarterstick, the sister label of Touch & Go, in Chicago. I would recommend Rock 'n' Roll (Collector's Choice, 1989), Journey to the End of the Night (Quarterstick, 2000), and Fear and Whiskey (Sin, 1985, reissued Quarterstick, 2002) to first-timers. I would definitely also recommend that those who lost track of the Mekons sometime back pick up their new album OOOH! (Out of Our Heads) (Quarterstick, 2002). It sounds nothing like the Rolling Stones'.

News from the news desk by: Marcus Ulrich

It's a familiar situation for me now. Friday, 3:58pm, I'm sitting in front of the KDVS mixing board waiting to go on the air with this week's KDVS news. Well, actually I'm lucky if I've two minutes to get ready. And in that time, I'm usually confident that this week all the kinks have finally been worked out. Last week's problem with the cart machine crashing surely won't repeat itself for a second week in a row. Certainly, the file containing the first news story won't be cutoff in the middle again. And then I blow it. I stutter excessively, or play something out of order, or maybe some new hardware failure happens once again. Bah! The Perfect Newscast eludes me once again. And so ends another week.

Welcome to the world of KDVS news. While Peter Jennings certainly doesn't need to worry about the competition, the fact is, I'm always impressed with the quality of work I get from our few reporters who are mostly paid only in volunteer hours. KDVS is of course an educational station, not just for the audience, but for the staff as well.

The week begins with me digging around various sources for some stories we can cover in our broadcast. This is probably the hardest part of the job, as KDVS has little in the way of a history in news broadcasting. While many news organizations have built-in sources - lots of press releases, people who tip the stations off, rolodexes full of names - many people don't even realize KDVS has a news department. And while I've lots of experience writing news, I'd never actually paid attention to where my editors got their stories from. And so I call up the Yolo Police Department to try and figure out if they've got anything like press releases. Or I call up the WNBA headquarters to find out how I might be able to get a reporter in to cover one of their games (only to succeed in finding the right person the day of the last game of the season). Yeah, basically I improvise. And if I'm lucky, I find some good stories.

So begins Round 2: Finding someone to cover the story. While I now have a small staff of reliable people, thank you Zaron and Suanne, there have been days where everyone has decided writing news isn't as fun as they'd hoped it would be. Enter the dreaded thought of not just having an imperfect newscast, but indeed no news-

cast. Somehow fate would always bring one more willing soul down to KDVS. After teaching someone new how to cover news I tell them to bring me whatever they can on Thursday afternoon.

And on Thursday afternoon the editing process begins. Thanks to technology, the chopping of sound bites from long interviews has become somewhat easier than it might once have been. We rely largely on software for this, and this brings its own problems. Complete stories have sometimes completely disappeared. And with it goes as much as eight hours of work. And even when the stories don't disappear, reporters at times have stayed into the early morning, finding quirks with our software.

But if all goes well, I find myself in front of the mixing board at 3:58pm with three or four stories, hoping once again for a perfect broadcast, each story having taken between one and eight hours. And then the broadcast is all over in around 15 minutes.

While the broadcast is short, for the amount of effort put into it, and full of technical problems, one thing it is not is biased by big media interests. While many radio, television, and even newspapers are increasingly dominated by a few companies, KDVS news, as with KDVS, is completely independent. We don't need to sensationalize the news, and although it is often difficult for me to find proper news stories, the stories we run are never subtle advertisements disguised as news stories. My goal with the KDVS news department is to cover local news with an unbiased eye. This is why the technical glitches that riddle the broadcast haven't convinced me to give up. KDVS is a unique opportunity to cover local issues in a manner that isn't influenced by anything other than the desire for an accurate news source.

For questions or comments about today's broadcast, please call me at 530-752-2776. I'm always looking for more people interested in fair and accurate journalism to help out with the KDVS news department.



GEARFEST USA BY MARTIN HEROIN



Introductions are important, but I'm skipping mine anyway. In the humid Austin air the rental car smelled like the previous driver had nailed a hooker in the backseat and left a flavored condom and a used tampon hidden somewhere inside. I have a feeling it would have smelled more like drug paraphernalia if I hadn't spent the plane ride reading Bukowski. Mr. Syrup drove the whole weekend. This will not be brought up again. Financial constraints found us on a hairy white carpet at my good friend David's house. He had drunk uncle doors in front of his house. I had never heard of such a thing; where I come from we just have duplexes. And basements. I miss having a basement. If you have one and want to trade me let me know. My house has an herb garden. That isn't a



metaphor. The next day, I snuck into a pool at a hotel down the street from Emo's. Emo's is possibly the best club in America, so it made perfect sense to have the Gearfest there. Austin is definitely torture to guys who hate having sweaty balls. Mr. Syrup didn't shower the whole weekend. This will not be brought up again.

7:30 Frigg A-Go-Go opens things up. The first band should have started at 7, but there was no first band. Louisiana voodoo rocked with a slight effeminate side ("How's my make-up look? Smeared?"). Their singer looked quite a bit like Rick Sims in a cape, who lived in the same town as David Wm. Sims, but was originally from TX. The cycle is a tight little circle leading back to me. I wish it would. Scandinavian Gearfests always dish out the Strollers, here in the too red white and blue we have Frigg-A-Go-Go. Dig on.

Richie Whites have a new release on TKO. Pretty good to those who like the poppy-er flavor of Misfits-y "OOOHHHHHHS." Mike Lavella has a tattoo on his upper arm that will explain why he wanted this band to play. He didn't want anyone from Detroit to play except Detroit Cobras. "Every other band in Detroit sucks." The comment made me want to spit. Ghetto Studios is the current hit maker of the RnR music scene, deny that and go finger the labia of your light socket.

Apparently there is a picture of me on the Shakedown website according to my buddy Gardener. I didn't know because the

internet and fried Twinkies have made this the fattest country in the world. Wow that's a terrible picture. But then again I am known for my high standards. I imagine Austin is the only place where a man even larger than Fats Domino plays the piano and beat boxes to American Pie or whatever that song is called that Don McLean wrote. Did I spell his name right, did he write that song? I better leave this kind of writing up to Todd.

Rubber City Rebels started their set off with Someone's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In. I would feel embarrassed to start with someone else's song if it were a particularly forgettable version. Am



I being mean? Well I've already explained to the readers that I was soiling myself in '77 and still do so occasionally. In a car. Driving down I-80. While vomiting out the window. When I got to the airport I had no choice but to break up with the best thing I ever had. That's ok, I can get a blowjob at my favorite club on Broadway from my little crank whore. Or \$23 will take you around the world according to my roommate. But you all already know that.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, RIGHT NOW I AM YELLING. The Jewws are AMAZING. Hit makers. Awkward in person, but bubbly bright bouncy bobby on stage. Lookout! should drop their current lineup and only put this dance craze stuff out. 50's all over while up on top like a 3 piece Spaceshits with a soul swing. New Pattern? It goes downhill after the demo since things have become more polished. BUT GO SEE THE JEWWS AT THE PARKSIDE OCT. 06TH. Your colon will love you for it.

Lazy Cowgirls are always where I am; they must have a great booker. I don't even try to see their rock'n'roll with a country twist, but I keep finding myself there enjoying some of it but thinking it sure is creepy to see someone who looks so much like my grandpa rocking out. Normally he just bowls and wheezes. PACT: when mounting the lazyboy makes me short of breath, sneak up behind me and garret my ass. No, that's mean also. For that alone you should garret my ass. John Schooley claims that the booker isn't as good as I reckon, the tour booked for them was bad. OK, sneak up behind me when I'm having one of those pisses, like you have needed to go for hours, and you rest one arm against the wall

because it is sooo good, and just end me. It will be very Roman. I've been saving the word "fuck" up until this point for the RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS. And yes they deserve it. The whole weekend pinnaced so very early when they played. I was so dazed, they had already started when I threw myself through the crowd to the front and began to shake like a crying baby. I forgot to take pictures, but remembered to sing along. Give their album 3 plays. If you aren't singing along I will buy you a Thai bubble pearl drink. (I had mine without pearls earlier that day.) I swear on the month I was in boy scouts before they kicked me out, at least a pony keg of alcohol flew back and forth from the stage. I'm going to give Jimmy a copy of the album and tell him it's our inspiration in Sacramento's boring lean-on-the-mic scene. SHAKE WHAT YOUR



MOMMA GAVE YA! Riverboat Gamblers could be the most brilliant way.

DMZ stood in their shadow. I saw the more original lineup last year, and it was good, but as Monoman stood there backed up by members of the Sons of Hercules (who rock almighty in their own right) singing Raw Power I couldn't do anything but walk out into the nightlife of thousands, pulsing lurching sliming night clubbers, seeking simple vitamins. Something wet. Mr. Syrup bought a pack of smokes. This will not be brought up again, nor the 4 free vanilla/chocolate packs Camel guy gave to him.

I woke up knowing the possibility someday in our country, cigarette companies will send 18-year olds a pack of cigarettes in the mail for their birthday. Go for it, I figure I have a better chance squaring up against a guy that chain smokes like he'd never been breast-fed. I was until well after I was two. I have never tried a cigarette. Eating at Dirty Martin's Kum Bak Burgers will give me all the carcinogens I need. Makes a brain mushy.

3:00 Sound Exchange free in store, free keg, Strains=17 year old wonders of great trash action, Ka-nives=simplistic party down rockets incl. Jewws drummer singing, White Heat=San Antonio's relentless rock mayhem GO GO GO, Jewws=played technically better with less energy



OH YES, Baseball Furies=Chicago is closer than New York thanks for moving guys GARBAGE GODS. The only song I understood was I Hate Your Secret Club, the best 7" of last year! Outside, football frat mongers draped in puke colored orange swarmed to the football game like roaches on the move. Their hiss and sight of their scurry made me want to skip dinner and head back over to Emo's for the Deadites. Their 60's garage hooks drew me up to the front. Real garage, like they did a Wailers cover and grew up on the Sonics man. Anything on MptyTV right now is DEFINITELY not garage rock. The Crackpipes played in the footprints of Johnny Lee on the outside stage. Sugar Shack didn't live up to my high expectations either, all the attitude and razors from their albums didn't come across at all. Tim Kerr must have been bored as he kept pulling at the guitar player until his strap came off.

Syl Sylvain didn't play with Red Planet because (short version) he wanted \$900 to play 3 songs (that's over \$100 a minute English majors) plus airfare PLUS a hotel room for playing. Pete Nad apparently told Mike everything about Sacramento sucks except me. You wonder why I'm egotistical?



Bands that come through love my palace but get ignored by

the villagers. I give them meat and wine, you don't want to meet them and you whine.

I ducked over to Beerland to see my buddy Anna's band The Bad Apples. Once again similar to the Riff Randals, or Skirts. My take is assess yourself, if you can't rock and you are all about being only eye candy I might as well go to a strip club. I don't really go to strip clubs for the simple reason that it would never be half as fun as Striptease, and what's half of zero? Anna said the 00 Spies sounded like the Oblivians, but weren't like that at all. People please don't play with me that way! When I got back to Emo's (ok, better clear this up for the clueless, NONE of these bands were Emo. If they were I wouldn't have flown halfway across the states) The Dragons were going strong like a fat mustached hard on. Sound gross? They ended with a Ramones cover, that's pretty disgusting that anyone would bow to the lowest common denominator like that. Just come see my Ramones cover band next week The Ramóns. It's really good because we all wear the same leather getup, but have fake moustaches.

Day three began with a lunch in a trailer park. I celebrated my margarita championship with a romp around in an ice delivery truck. We contemplated going to Waco to see the Flipper Stripper (as in born with a set of flippers for arms) but somehow ended up wandering around looking for karaoke. I wanted to fudge up Junior Wells-Tuff Enuff era, but realized everything is closed because it is so fucking hot out. Dehydrated I tried to chase away my headache with some rum and cokes. Mr. Syrup ran my table in a couple rounds of pool at the Camino El Casino. Easily the greatest bar I have ever witnessed.

Killer's Kiss from the bay had one slide guitar song that cut through like a switch. I'm talking sting it. The rest faded into dualguitarkeyboardbassdrumssinging and I'm betting I occasionally tapped my foot. Knuckle Dragger was pretty unexpected, I walk in and here's 6 guys, three on guitar, wearing horror masks and shooting flames while playing surf style. Surf really needs a gimmick for a reason, 98% of the time it gets boring quick. Austin doesn't need flame throwers in August, no matter how cool it looks. The Vacancies gave 110% and I tried as hard as I could to appreciate them for it. Problem is if you're playing power chords through a Marshall you had better be a master song writer otherwise it's going to end up filed away in these deep recesses of my gourd where 3 days later all I can remember is them trying like a 13 year old girl at an Elvis concert (ok, actually those odds were better).

Immortal Lee County Killers had a new drummer and more spunk than that crusty rag behind your VCR. I'm talking unbelievable fever dance blues kicking high, swinging low people ate it up and followed every word Chet sang, when the licks on the six got real low you could hear the ceiling vent turn. If he had asked us to pick up guns and secede from the union "Hell yes brother," would have been the reply. Even the jerk with his hat on

backward pumping his fist in the air got it, maybe there is hope for this generation yet. Then the drummer demanded we follow him to the inside stage. We followed like lambs to the slaughter, but Mike couldn't book them so instead we were ambushed by Total Sound Group Direct Action Your Name Is Too Long Committee featuring 2 Trumpets, a clarinet, a saxamaphone, a drummer,



an organist, a bassist, a Tim Kerr (I don't know if I would count him as a guitar player as the crowd touches it more than he does), a singer, a tambourine player and a 4 year old tot on a playschool tom. I couldn't understand a goddamn thing. Six people in the crowd kept chanting something along with the singer, I guess they were Young Lions or something. I am not, so I stayed confused and hoped someday I could fathom Johnny blowin' his horn like Tim can, but the art of revolution remains indecipherable.

Sons of Hercules. Mighty, ageless like the gods, Zeus has given them sound like thunder and lightning precision licks. Imagine if the Rolling Stones were actually WORTH \$300 a ticket. Sons of Hercules. And they charge much less. Once again, play Get Lost 3 times and if you aren't singing along I will give you my ruined ass-sweat soaked notes that I had been taking for the last 3 days. Note to use pencil next time ass it bleed. Hard Feelings hit more of that lovely slide down on the neck with your little slender fingers. Walter Daniels also blew it nicely on his little mouth harp, while the new bassist thumped away like Will never existed. Between you and me, John, art is destined to be under appreciated in its time, but the greats assume the throne someday. Play it with soul, let your guide be a force no human being can reckon with. Rock dies the day man stops walking with a one-two rhythm and all the rivers run dry.

How in the hell did I miss the New Bomb Turks set? The end of the summer was brought about by 4 men determined to put everyone on ice. Real cool? Coolsville mama, my action party pants right from the border, I'm not lyin'. Come and get a dance lesson? Maybe you're a wallflower, I get it alright. I've had my finger up my nose too, so I tell you what, the definition you smell of, it's foul. Time for something new? I'm in there. Time for something different? How 'bout you just do what's good for the soul and makes you feel better. If there's one damn thing I can't stand it's some asswad down because he forgot how to get up.

Your ticket is sitting right there, TAKE IT!

L. I. S. A.



Commonwealth



**Government
Death Insurance**



**kristal marimba
lounge**



The Sutter's Four



**Experimental
Dental School**



Have you heard of KDVS' "Live in Studio A"?



Magnaflux



For many years now, KDVS' airwaves have hosted live bands from all over Northern California, the US, and the world! Every week you'll hear a different band, with live music ranging from punk, indie rock, hardcore, 60's garage and psychedelia, experimental, no-wave, jazz, and much much more! Want to hear what some of your favorite bands are doing lately?

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Email us at lisa@kdvs.org

**Remember, that's every Thursday night from 11 PM
- midnight.**

Look for our weekly schedule in the Sacramento News & Review.

"Thoughts"

By: France

The views expressed in this essay are not necessarily the views of KDVS, its management, or anyone associated with the University of California.

A year ago, on September 11, early morning, I was doing one of my favorite things to do. Subbing for a music show. This is when we Public Affairs hosts leave behind our serious research and controversially intensive shows and get to play the music we like, culled from the nearly 100,000 cds and lps at KDVS. It is a rare honor when we get to sit in for a regular dj who is absent that day. The one requirement we all have at KDVS is that we provide something which is not available on mainstream radio and something which will educate the listener as to the particular genre we are playing. A unique privilege in this society of jingles and product placement and mega-record-company-backed, silicon-supplanted, surgically-enhanced and hair-extended star du jour. So I had selected a suitable early morning mix of eclectica and had been spinning it for a couple of hours when Mr. Wagman called me and said : You don't know do you? They just flew planes into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. I knew he wasn't kidding. I thanked him.

The enormity of the responsibility of our little station's mission weighed heavily on my soul at this point. Even though I knew precious few were not glued to the television by then, there were still the people who only tuned to KDVS on their way to work, or on their alarm clock-radios, or who had no television, or, bless their anarchist little souls, prefer to listen to our unique brand of free-form programming. To those people, I announced what happened, only what I knew. I then mentioned that I would be switching to instrumentals only. I just didn't think words were appropriate at this time. And...I did mention that my heart was going out to the many families affected by this horrible event and offered a wish that calmer heads prevail.

How interesting to see the reaction of people. A listener called me to nearly gloat that he had expected this all along. The science guys showed up for their show, ebullient and vibrant as always when I told them. They said they would talk of science. It is always reassuring to deal with facts at a time of uncertainty.

I went into the dj lounge where Golden Child was sleeping, angelically, his guitar as a blanket. I softly said, it is important you wake up. Then I told him. He just looked very thoughtful.

A good friend showed up at the station and asked if I wanted to stop for a cup of coffee! YES! Saw people walking as if in a daze. Ran into someone I knew who thought I was talking about him when I said isn't it crazy? Many of my friends and I could see the machine which was being put in place as the dust settled over the firemen who still hoped to extinguish the embers in New York. As American flags popped up like mushrooms and the public began idolizing their elected father figures, our concerns became realities as measures were fast-tracked and approved before anyone had time to think.

First, Osama Bin Laden was identified as the mastermind behind the horrible attack. Rather than go to international court, we chose to take matters in our own military hands and demand that the Taliban, the regime in power in Afghanistan where Bin Laden was believed to be hiding, give this man over to us. Or else. So we began to bomb a country and it seemed that several mistakes were made where civilians were harmed, inadvertently. That's okay though. These poor, repressed people should know better than let an oppressive regime like the Taliban in power. They, too, must be the enemy then.

To fight the Taliban, we enlisted the help of their foe, the Northern Alliance, who, when they had been in power, had been so brutal and

I corrupt that they were known to assemble "intellectuals" and murder them en masse in public squares. They became our allies. Soon, report of horrible reprisals by the Northern Alliance filtered out. But that was okay, we were fighting a greater war. The WAR ON TERROR. All the major networks had updates of said war, and they still do. Meanwhile, our little station kept on going with its independent reports, Free Speech Radio News, and interviews with Howard Zinn and Noam Chomsky. Historians and linguists who were only too familiar with our pattern of doing things. And we played great music. All genres. Not all of them accessible or even pleasant to you.

Yesterday, on Donahue, someone from the Washington Post said of the Florida election (and I paraphrase here) "That was two years ago, the public doesn't care about this any more and they don't want to hear about it any more. We only cover what the public WANTS to hear."

No, not us. We are not here to cover what you want to hear. You might enjoy, or hate, or disagree, or applaud what we play or say on the air. And, I guarantee you, listening to KDVS will teach you about bands, and music, and events, and thoughts that you will find nowhere else. And you, and I, are richer for it.

Namasté.

France hosts It's About You! , a show where expert guests discuss issues and events to assist the audience in better defining their personal ethics and opinions. It airs every Monday 8:30 am- 9:30 am.

A poem by France

You ask for my friendship
But you want my complicity
And yet act offended or hip
When I call out your duplicity

You talk and talk about yourself
Patriotism or loyalty or love
Truth and honesty are put on the shelf
So I go in search of the dove

My heart should be broken in two
My soul should be shattered
But your act is clear to others too
So we wear our ideals, though tattered

I still sing my songs
Though they sound a bit flat
I call out the wrongs
While the ceos get fat
I deserve a break today
You're giving me a great deal
Whatever you say
Just don't tell me what to feel

I will speak my truth
Whether you agree or not
I will listen to you
Whether I agree, or not

It is my right to be able to say
NO, to war, No to oppression
And no to the people who may
Shackle me in my expression

Expression of what? of everything.



WHY ARE RECORD LABELS SHOOTING THEMSELVES IN THE FOOT?

BY PAUL SCHRAMSKI

For the past several months, listeners have been asking me, “What will KDVS do about the Digital Millennium Copyright Act? Will KDVS keep streaming online?” For those of you unfamiliar with the DMCA and its subsequent burdens on public radio, please read on. I will describe what record companies have done to small radio stations and why this is an unproductive scheme.

Congress passed the **Digital Performance Right in Sound Recordings Act** in 1995, creating a “Sound Performance” copyright for digital audio, and allowing owners of a sound recording to charge broadcasters for public use of the recording.

In 1998, the 105th U.S. Congress passed the **Digital Millennium Copyright Act (DMCA)** granting record companies the right to collect royalties when their copyrighted works were played via Internet or satellite radio. In order to determine appropriate royalty rates, the U.S. Copyright Office, allowed record companies and Webcasters to negotiate. Unfortunately, the two could not agree on an acceptable rate. Record companies asked for 15% of revenues while Webcasters sought 3%.

The U.S. Copyright Office was forced to create a “**Copyright Arbitration Royalty Panel (CARP)**” in 2001 to resolve the issue. During six months of hearings last summer and fall, the standard for an “appropriate” rate is the rate that a “willing buyer” and “willing seller” would agree upon. Stakeholders representing copyright owners, the Recording Industry of America (RIAA) (e.g. Sony, Warner Bros., and BMG) and Webcasters (e.g. AOL and Clear Channel) while no small broadcasters/webcasters testified.

On February 20th, 2002, the CARP advised a royalty rate of .14¢ per song per listener for Internet-only Webcasters (.07¢ per song for commercial radio station simulcasts, and .02¢ per song for noncommercial radio simulcasts), with royalties due retroactively to October, 1998. Thus, an educational, non-profit radio Webcaster which streams one hour of programming (~15 songs) to under 25 listeners would owe royalties for that hour of broadcasting of \$.30 (U.S. Copyright Office 2002). For a small station like KDVS 90.3 FM, this would be ~\$3000/year (with the additional \$500 license fee). This is a large sum of money for most small college/community radio stations, and for some Webcasters, the rates are over 100% of total revenues (www.kurthanson.com 2002). The CARP determined that the only example of a “willing buyer/willing seller” was a deal cut between Yahoo! and the RIAA in July 2000, prior to the dotcom crash, and basing their ruling largely on the terms of that deal. It was apparent that CARP arbitrators set a rate far too high.

In June, the Librarian of Congress determined the rates set by the CARP were too high. Instead, he accepted rates proposed by the Register of Copyrights. Rates for commercial Webcasters were cut in half, while those for non-profit stations remained the same. Still, the new rates were over 100% revenues for many Webcasters. In addition, intense record keeping requirements were developed to monitor what songs were played under the DMCA. This topic alone, is enough material for another article.

Over two hundred Internet-based radio stations have shut down due to the fear of large royalty fees that take effect in September. Over fifty educational/non-profit radio stations have shut down (listed below). Many of the other several thousand radio Webcasters are expected to follow suit, “with the exception of Yahoo, AOL, Microsoft and other deep-pocketed conglomerates who can afford a loss leader,” says Kurt Hanson, editor of the *Radio and Internet Newsletter* (USA Today 2002).

Other stations have fought to create legislation that would exempt educational/non-profit stations. The Internet Radio Fairness Act (H.R. 5285), introduced by U.S. Reps. Jay Inslee (D-WA), George Nethercutt (R-WA), and Rick Boucher (D-VA), would alleviate much of the DMCA’s financial burden. The Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) is against the legislation. RIAA executive director John Simson told *Billboard* magazine that it helps webcasters “maintain business models that have not proved themselves able to succeed in the free market.” (Reines 2002). Simson, also head of the royalty collection agency SoundExchange, is somewhat correct. Small webcasters and non-profit broadcasters should have better business models, but they should also be subject to bigger breaks, and record companies should work in tandem to help promote their artists.

“It’s good when there’s rock magazines, it’s good when there’s music television, it’s good when there’s radio. We’re happy when Tower Records has a listening post where people can listen to our artists for free — we pay for that. We’re happy when KIIS-FM or KROQ plays one of our songs — we spend a lot of energy trying to get them to do that. Internet radio is fundamentally, in this current time frame, in that category,” articulates Artemis CEO Danny Goldberg.

“Right now, Web radio is the equivalent of the little rock magazines in the 1960s, where the record company advertisements helped keep them going. And yet their existence helped build recording artists. I don’t really see [enforcing copyrights and propping up struggling webcasters] as two mutually exclusive things.” (Reines 2002)

The Arbitron and Edison’s Media Research “Internet 9” determined that half of weekly Internet radio listeners say they’ve purchased music they heard on the Internet, and heavy streaming users buy the most CDs. While the average American purchased 13 CDs in the past year, weekly streaming audio users’ purchased 21 CDs, a positive correlation is evident between Internet radio listeners and CD purchasing (www.kurthanson.com 2002).

Truthfully, I don’t know how to answer the title of this article. But, it seems a worthy question. Labels are searching for scapegoats again, while they should be searching for quality artists and good records. Internet broadcasting will likely become a more accessible avenue for most Americans. It will be up to labels to decide if they want to reach American’s demands more effectively or try to milk small stations for pennies. KDVS will continue to broadcast online, as long as it can. Our future is up to you.

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among Man:

Creativity, Individuality, Desire, and why?

BY: Sondra

I had to write this down or else I'd go insane. Some mish-mash from some of the musings that I've had after last quarter's article ("Information is Useless").

My problem last time was "what validates functionality, or personality, or consciousness, or society or anything for that matter. Infinite cyclones of meaninglessness. I feel like crap." ... also, sorry I keep saying "man", I mean mankind in general, but my qualms are in relation to the justification of individuality, so I say "man", but of course I mean women too...

The existence and creativity of man. If this were not the case, rocks and forests would exist forever in placid permanence. Art within itself, yet with no real meaning or context. (i.e. what is minimalism if there is nothing to compare it to) Man changes. Dynamic, complicated. Art. He could not do this alone. Men's logic bounces off one another, feeds from one another emotionally and spiritually. Each man has something to contribute. If not, then our world would still just be mindless migratory seasonal animals that never change, learn, or evolve (other than physically). Our individual characteristics would not surface, if not for social interaction. This is necessary. Man living on an island alone would not have a definition of self. Social interaction among men, and the sharing of ideas, is what justifies awareness. The answers of the universe could not and should not rely in only one man, because then that, by nature, would subtract the necessity of attainment of any emotional development, or art, which is achieved through feeling and experience, which is discovered through interactions with other men, and the creations of passed men. Therefore, through art, the interaction of mankind and humanity is justified. Man must compare and judge and test - to live at his true and accurate potential. Is this God-like?

Man is tied together via social problems (e.g. insecurity, sociability, loneliness) because there is the inherent need to socialize and fit in, it is built into our psyche. This is fascinating. If this was not so, we'd never communicate or insight things in one another. We'd have the creative significance of rocks, or dogs, or computers. The level of socialization is so complex. So is that of animals, but humans morph it and amplify it into everything. We have egos, which prompt us to create and express.

Notice how, as creativity is stifled and ultimately mainstreamed out of culture, man is beginning to revert to herd/animal mode. Artistically stale waters, unchanging, still, constant patterns. Like animals. Yet this in and of itself prompts more creativity and more stifled feelings which will not be ignored. This shows that even in the face of promised assimilation (and cultural/societal acceptance), Man cannot ignore his urge to create, to interact as an individual. Man will find something on which to exert energy and emotion. The duality of "desire for assimilation" vs. "desire for individual identity" seems very deliberately placed. Very conflicting. Conflict begetting art. Creatively isolated and repressed man will only rage out more violently and irrationally (abstractly?).

God. The ultimate by which everything is judged. Integrity, honesty, love? A creator? An ultimate creator, an energy. Life is energy, science, and physics. Energy cannot come from nothing. There must be a beginning of energy. I think pure energy is "good". Because of its purity. I am defining purity as "good" (instead of pure disgust/evil/malice) because "evil" is something which requires motive. Spite, selfishness, and bitterness. Energy has no reason to be like this, so therefore it is pure. Motive is absent in pure energy. The

desire to destroy is not natural (i.e., in energy). In fact, from nature it is seen that growth and rebirth is the natural energy. So you can say the energy which created the universe was a positive "good" pure energy. And this is the judge or god by which we live. But maybe growth is actually destruction? Growth becomes destruction when growth feeds or is of parasitic nature. Is growth selfishness or is it freedom? This is another duality. Creation and destruction. Is chaos destruction? The probability that a lightning bolt will hit a dry tree and start a fire, is very chaotic, not predictable. But chaos does not require motive, so is not evil. So both pure directed energy and ultimate chaos, are both pure actions. So there is a mixture of chaos and directed energy which has built our universe, and by which we create everything.

Science has not defined nature. Nature has defined Science. Those who say that they believe in Science, not "God", and that there are purely scientific reasons why the universe exists, are confused. The sciences we use are based on observations, certain configurations of variables we have created to describe the world around us. We have been reading nature, like a book, and translating it into a language. It is all the same. We try to reduce information to simple gradations of logic. Neat little packages of information that all relate to each other, like circuits in a computer, no, we create these computers... they don't exist in nature. There are plenty of loose ends in nature. Whys. Computers don't have whys. Even if we create a sophisticated enough computer, it would not be able to tell us why, it will just be a fast information gathering processing device. We are limited, we cannot create something that tells us why from somewhere out of our frame of reference.

Ok now I've finished reading this again, and there are a bunch of inconsistencies... especially the part about the good pure energy... sorry. Oh well, I don't know. That's fine. Actually, another thing I've realized is that our society is so messed up right now, and its going to take so much energy from everyone to deal with these problems and try and fix them, we shouldn't distract ourselves

with such paradoxical self depreciating issues, pretending that the rest of the world can wait, and what's really important is finding out exactly how everything is working metaphysically. We have enough complex human sociology that has gotten us into deeper trouble than we've ever been! We're just dredging in mortal sludge over here. And also I've realized that being alive right now at this point in time is reason enough for some sort of meaning. I mean, why you, why now, why here? That's pretty rad. Also, just because we haven't figured out the mysteries of the universe, it doesn't mean we can't feel happy, or that we need to remain depressed over it. How about being glad that you've even been given the opportunity to contemplate such ideas, and allowing ourselves a lifetime to mill it over, but not allow it to take over our lives, becoming depressed because we haven't figured out the answers yet.

Ok, (a few weeks later). I came with a different outlook on everything. Well, not different outlook, but more like a different attitude. I heard my Dad discussing with my brother about how vast the universe is, and how bizarrely it works and is so mysterious, and how philosophers have been wrenching over this for thousands of years etc, etc, and I got this weird feeling of lightened humor welling up in the pit of my stomach. It was like "whoa, ha! We have NO IDEA what is going on here," and for some reason I thought that was really funny and somewhat justifying? Like, so what? Like, looking out into the sunset of smiling town #437 with the fields and the trees while driving on hwy. 99, maybe it was something about the fact that we were in a huge van, with a rumbling engine and closed windows, all cozy and sealed away in a vehicle compartment, watching the foliage and sky gracefully tumble by, seeing the expanse and the horizon, it seemed so mystical and beautiful, that I didn't even care WHY. It was just neat that it WAS. Simultaneous time and experience and nothing and everything that could be understood, simultaneously 1000 different ways at once, by billions of people.

Overstaying My Welcome: Adventures in Restaurant Wackiness

by mariooshoku

Where does insanity start? In this case, it started in a Woodland Denny's during the wee hours of the morning. After a show in the D St. basement (the one with Numbers, I think... I know the flaming art car was there) a bunch of us piled into a car in search of an all hours diner. Since this is Davis, we had to leave town. At any rate, we got to Denny's and took the largest corner booth they had. After having been there a couple hours we began to ponder how long we could stay there before we got kicked out. Ultimately, we left after about three hours. Thus began the insanity.

The next step began with a conversation between Action Ranger Timmy, XIXX and myself. We decided it would be amusing to hang out at Jack In The Box all day to take advantage of free refills on sodas and deplete the syrup in the machine. We changed the location to Carl's Jr. because it's set up in such a way that one can sit in the restaurant away from the gaze of the employees at the counter.

On the morning of July 12, I left the station after my show and arrived at Carl's Jr. at 9:20 am. Action Ranger Timmy was already there, having arrived at about 7 am. Following are some excerpts from my log of the day.

10:35: Guy in bathrobe across the street

11:00: First soda refill (a suicide)

11:25: Balding mullet guy goes by

12:15: Action Ranger Timmy's lunch is order #34

12:45: Ordered Double Jalapeño Cheeseburger and Criss-cut fries (order #25)

12:49: Food arrived, Action Ranger Timmy's tray taken

After XIXX's second arrival at around 4:30 pm, my logging diligence flagged, so I'm not sure what time we left, but I think it was around 5:00 pm. So I was there for nearly 8 hours.

I don't recall exactly when or how the Fresh Choice idea came up, but I think it was Action Ranger Timmy's idea. The idea was to go to an all you can eat place and stay there from opening until closing to take full advantage of the all you can eat idea. This is obviously the next step in our sitting in restaurant variety insanity. It was our hope that such a place wouldn't be likely to kick us out after a few hours.

Our first step in the plan was deciding which place to eat at. The selection of all you can eat restaurants is fairly limited, so we had JJ North's, Sizzler and Fresh

Choice to choose from. Ultimately we decided on Fresh Choice due to a prospective member of our group being a vegetarian. They had coupons, too, which I suppose helped. After a bit of schedule comparing, the date was set for Saturday, August third.

On that fateful morning, Action Ranger Timmy, the Jestre, XIXX and myself piled into a car and made our way to Fresh Choice in Sacto. We arrived about fifteen minutes before opening time, 11:00 am. There were already a few people waiting outside. A couple people managed to slip in ahead of us, so we were unfortunately not the first group in. Finally, we were ready to begin our long day. We made our way through the vast salad area, paid and found a couple tables to accommodate ourselves and our gear.

As a side note, sitting in a restaurant for eleven hours isn't something one enters into lightly, there must be proper preparation. I had my Gameboy, XIXX had a sketch book, Action Ranger Timmy had various card games and magazines and the Jestre had... Well, he had whatever was in his bag. Action Ranger Timmy and XIXX both had micro-cassette recorders, the former used his to make hourly entries and record various interesting bits of conversation.

While we were still in our first round of food, one of the Fresh Choice employees walked by and asked if we were a rock band. We informed him that we weren't a rock band, but indeed DJs and told him about KDVS, as well as giving him a program guide (that's what was in the Jestre's bag). He seemed content and went back to work. Shortly later, he returned to inquire about submitting music to get played on the air, and we filled him in on how that works. So keep your ear out for songs from the Fresh Choice guy on KDVS. Perhaps a marathon of his music during an upcoming interim.

The first few hours was mostly us going back and forth for more food, while making conversation. I think we offended an elderly gentleman at a nearby table with our rowdy, not suitable for polite company choice of conversation topics. XIXX made a few drawings in his sketch book, including a pirate version of myself. At one point we played a version of pick up sticks that I believe originated as a kid's meal prize from Wendy's.

Now a word about the food itself. On the restaurant's sign, under the name, it mentions three things: salad, pizza and muffins. The salad was okay. The pizza was pretty bad. Remember in grade school when the cafeteria served pizza? It was kind of like that, but not as good. The frozen pizza I buy at the grocery store is

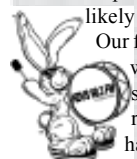
better, and it's the cheap kind. At any rate, I have no idea why they decided the pizza was worth mentioning on the sign. I didn't have a muffin, so they very well could be worth their spot on the sign. There were a few soups, the clam chowder and the turkey chili were the best they had. Also, they had some pasta, macaroni and cheese, and some Rice A Roni-esque rice which I liked. The desserts were good, it's nearly impossible to screw up soft serve. Same with sodas, which were free refills. I would have appreciated a larger selection of meat. Even lunch meat in sandwiches or something like that would have been better.

At any rate, after a few hours, we decided to pick up shop and move to a different table. We'd been there long enough that they had basically stopped taking away our dirty dishes. I suppose it was a hint that we should leave. It would take more than that to get rid of us. Even the terrible music they were piping in wasn't enough to get rid of us. This time we picked a booth that was a little less conspicuous, in case there was any napping. One of the employees gave us a strange look when she noticed that we'd relocated.

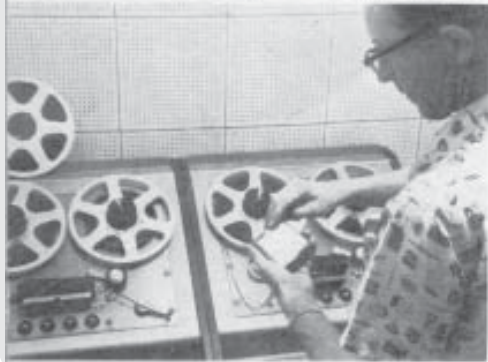
After a while at the booth, and an interesting discussion of nuns, Richard showed up with a friend. I think that was near the time XIXX was trying to eat a bowl of Jell-O using only a straw. We were actually already taking up two booths, with Action Ranger Timmy in the next booth over. Not too long after that, Sondra arrived, having braved the perils of public transportation between Davis and Sacramento. The guy that asked us about being in a rock band finished his shift and waved to us as he left. Since the overcrowding was so great, we moved for the last time, to a half booth, where we pushed up a smaller table to accommodate everyone. For a long while, we mostly played a card game that Action Ranger Timmy brought that had an odd premise. Each player is falling off a building, and the object is to be the last person to hit the ground. Fortunately, it was fun to play and easy to learn, so it kept us amused for a while. Then Richard and his friend left, leaving only Sondra, Action Ranger Timmy, the Jestre, XIXX and myself.

We amused ourselves drawing on the dry erase board Sondra brought and having further odd conversations. As time wore on, the restaurant got more and more empty. Without our noticing it, an entire section of the dining area was closed off. For the past couple hours, the only person that was taking our dishes was a trainee. I suppose he was too new to care that we'd been there so long. Nobody said anything about it, though. As closing time drew nearer, they even warned us they were turning off the soda machine, so we had a chance to get one last refill. Closing was at ten, but the Jestre was still eating soup, so we managed to stay until about a quarter after, bringing our time in the restaurant to just over eleven straight hours. It was definitely an interesting time. Conceptually, it was rather amusing. Practically, I think it turned out well. Having more people involved would have improved the experience. I would probably be willing to try something like that again, but not any time in the too near future. So congratulations, you've read all that and now have an insight into the wacky goings on that we DJs take part in.

Be sure not to try this at home, and no children under three allowed. Thank you, have a good day.



So... you wanna be a DJ?



Do you like music, talk shows, or sports?

Do you want radio experience?

Are you really arrogant and purely enjoy listening to your voice projected over 9,200 watts, covering the Sacramento valley?

Contact the Office Coordinator at KDVS for more information:
530.752.0728/

kdvsoffice@kdvs.org

or stop by during office hours m-f, 9am-5pm

14 Lower Freeborn,
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Lies About the Sky

There I am again.

5 AM. Lying, staring out the window. Oh fuck, it's starting to get light outside. Just the beginning of another great day. I get up, go to the bathroom, and stare into the mirror. There I am, again. "How are you Todd?" Blondish-brown hair. Bloodshot blue eyes. In some other parallel universe I'm brushing my teeth getting ready to go to the semiconductor plant that I work at; I have a wife—we do normal shit.

I can't sleep, but I'm too tired to do anything productive. The story remains the same. Ever since I can remember it's been like this: Event 203467: Danny Champ's house 1985—slumber party: *The "Charlie Brown TV Special" sucked. Why am I sweating so much? I'm watching the sunrise as everyone sleeps in.* Event 503672: Chris Kimble's house 1987—slumber party: *The jawbreaker was too big to break with my teeth and I got sugar headache. I'm watching the sunrise as everyone sleeps in.* The Damn Sun.

Someone asked me the other day if I thought of myself as middle class or lower class. I said "middle". Although I lived in places that have been compared to as squats, and it's gotten as bad as eating catsup packets for dinner, I've always normalized and have gone back to owning a car and eating steak for dinner. I like the taste of steak... And it's sure easy. I don't even think about all the slaughter and inefficiency behind it.

There I am again in the mirror. My once gaunt cheeks have filled-in. My hairline isn't receding. I have good teeth. "Who are you? Where are you? What is the plan?"

There was a time when I had a job, went to the University, and had the girlfriend. We did normal shit. The Sun followed me.

Here it is though, 2002, or something. I just missed my high school reunion a while ago. I just didn't go. I don't remember any of those fuckers—never hung out with any of them while I was in high school. No use living in the past. Those people have no use to me and therefore I don't need them, right? I don't exalt in the miracle of "yesterday". Yesterday was the same old me just doing normal shit. Being antisocial. Hating. Playing a guitar. Driving places. Drinking beer. Sex, occasionally. Writing plans out with arrows on legal pads—"Bottom Line: Exploit". The handshakes—"tell XXXX I said 'Hi'". We've all got to hang out again sometime." Was it all an act?

I feel like sometimes we all have scorecards attached to ourselves. I can't figure what happened. The tragedy of public school—where I never fit it—but I did ok.

You know when you die one day here's what will happen:



1) You're at The Sizzler. Maybe you're in Florida. The Sun is out: 75 degrees Fahrenheit. You choke on a piece of

food and can't breathe. Everyone stares at you because they don't know what to do. Someone asks in a quiet, but panicked voice, "Should we call someone for help?"

2) You point to your throat. You think, "These assholes are my friends?"

3) Life rushes in front of your eyes. Event 707035: The time I yelled at my mom for buying pork hotdogs instead of beef, but she couldn't afford beef hotdogs because she didn't have that much money. The hurt look on her face. Event 30005067: Driving to the dog pound. Slamming on the breaks in the car. The piece of rock candy in my mom's mouth flies out onto the dashboard. Later I said, "Mom, I don't need a pet. I'm fine." ETC...

4) You walk towards the light. Did you live your life in one second? Did you just invent the whole thing? Did you leave the iron on?

5) Finally, you look around and you're in your fourth grade class. It's just you and a moderator. The moderator says, "OK, we're going to review things now. It's going to take a while. Now, I'm going to turn on the projector. The classroom lights will turn themselves off because we can do that kind of shit here. Event 1: XXXXX. +1", E2: +1. E3: +1, E4: -1...." (You know, they're tallying the positive and negative "life" points for you: The time you were waiting for the gas to pump out of the gasoline pump into your car. You know, the last 15 seconds of the pump goes into "ultra slow mode." During that time, once, a gum wrapper dropped out of your pocket, the wind picked it up, and you ran after it because you didn't want to pollute the shitty AMPM Mini-



market parking lot. PLUS ONE "LIFE POINT" FOR THAT.)

- 6) Equals... -23. Well, looks like you get to live your life again.
- 7) "NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!.... Well, I'm still not gonna go to that High School Reunion! Bastards. Could I get some light in here? Wait, I had one question for you concerning Diet Sodas?"
- Wha...wait! Plop. You're born again.

So here I am again, and all you have to ask me is, "Does my hair look better long or short?" And your mom... When we were at your parents' huge air-conditioned house in the suburbs I threw away my lunchtime trash from Burger King in the bathroom trashcan instead of the kitchen trashcan.

I saw her transplant my Burger King trash to the kitchen trashcan. It's all trash. What, there's acceptable trash for a bathroom and a kitchen? What are you wasting my "time" for? Well, for all I know, I created YOU to waste my "time"...

"Outta my way. I have to go rescue a Dolphin or pick up a gum wrapper."

I have never done anything really noteworthy. All my writing and artwork has all shown contempt towards the machine that has educated me, clothed me, and payed my bills. All my conversations have been unintense, unpoetic, unphilosophical, and unimpressive. I talk as if I don't have a soul. I used to mock, and crazily retort. I'd have cracked smile. I can't fake sensitivity in situations in which I'm supposed to feel bad about things. But now I have to rethink things:

Dear Diary,

The birds constantly crap on my car. Sometimes they wake me up in the morning. It sounds like a shitload of toucans or something. I know the birds were here before the house was built, and before my car was manufactured at the Honda Motor Company in Japan, sent here, and parked it this driveway, but don't I have some right as a human to complain? I mean, a human planted the tree outside the house. The freakin' birds wouldn't be there

unless that human planted the tree (although, we have destroyed much of their habitat). I say I have some justification in being a little mad at them, right? After all, it impedes my ability to impress "hot chicks". Nobody wants to go out with a guy who has bird shit on his car. I really don't know why. Maybe a girl instinctually thinks that a man that can keep a car exterior free from bird shit would be a superior breeding partner. I have straight teeth, though. With my clean car, combined with the "straight teeth" thing, I could probably tread water for a while with a girl until we got down to point 115: my average yearly income. A) Make a mental note to concentrate energy on points 115-120 to rectify future event #XXXXXXX. B) Cleanout inbox on hotmail account. Never mind, it's not really a concern. I just wish they would put the TV series "What's Happenin'" back into syndication. OH, and that bit about THE SUN... We are going to finally patch things up...

Basically one of the things I have to come to terms with "the Sun".

I first came to think about the sun in depth in grade school when the Katrina and the Waves song, "Walking on Sunshine" came out. When listening to America's Top Forty, Casey Kasam introduced the song by giving some side statistics about the sun: The sun uses about 700 tons of matter (Hydrogen) per second in a fusion reaction to make light. Huh??? I panicked, trying to use some elementary calculations to see how long we had left before the sun burned out. I think it was a while, but still I was bummed to realize that the earth was going to be vaporized one day—I-80, Ross' Dress for Less, Burger Kings and all. I looked up at the sun and realized something else: *You can't look at the sun.*

You just aren't supposed to and I guess everyone just knows it. One day your mom slaps you and says, "Hey dummy, stop looking at the Sun. You'll burn your eyes out." OK. But how does the Giraffe or Rhinoceros know about this?

Obvious to most people, I don't think everyone fully grasps this concept. You're not supposed to look at the Sun? What the fuck? Here we are on this planet, evolving over millions of years, and the most important thing around you're not supposed to look at the hugest thing in the solar system because it will burn your eye out? What kind of species are we?

Am I supposed to walk around ignoring this fusion reactor in the sky? It's always there. It's all I can think about. People walk around, "You watch Conan last night?... blah blah blah." No, I can't concentrate on talking, I'm trying to avoid looking at this huge fireball in the sky. Everyone else is like, "yeah, no problem... just don't look at it. What's

the big deal?" It's just always IN THE SKY all the time when there's daylight.

Things began to get more complicated. Can you imagine me playing Connect-Four with my brother, and while he's concentrating on the strategy of lining the stupid checkers up, I'm worried about the Sun burning out (and my soon-to-come 7th grade future showering in Junior High gym class in front of other guys). So what's the big deal? After that, I couldn't play any board-affiliated game (or such) except for Hungry Hungry Hippos because you can basically fake the game, contributing most of your brainpower to worrying about the sun.

"Let's go get a French Dip."

"NO. LEAVE ME ALONE, I'M THINKING."

There's nothing like filling up with pancakes in the morning, so scared that maple syrup spills over your arm, and then departing to junior high with the maple syrup sticky in your arm joint, and the sun beating down on you. Barf.

Supposedly my mom said you get Vitamin D from the Sun. What does that mean? I get the picture of mini-Centrum-like pills flowing through the air. I don't know the specifics of wave-particle duality in relation to human cellular inter-meanderings and junk, but when you're fighting a war to get across town to purchase a can of discount diet soda, this is the last thing on your mind. You can get Vitamin D from Centrum, can't you? Ok, maybe I'm crazy. It's probably just a scare tactic from my mom, right? Everyone's always freaking out about some new vitamin that's now imperative to take so you won't get armpit cancer or something. There's nothing like a scientific study scare tactic to motivate you to drive to Sacramento at 10pm Friday night to look for a Molybdenum supplement at Rite Aid (true story). Oh, and remember that episode of 20/20 on Mad Cow Disease? Crap, I stopped eating burgers for two whole weeks.

But back to *THE SUN*: It's hard to avoid mainly because all businesses are open when this thing is in the sky distracting me. Wouldn't it make more sense to have a business open when this fireball isn't distracting you? I mean, I walk to go get a sandwich, trying to

avoid this thing in the sky that will only just TAKE AWAY YOUR VISION FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. By the time I make it to the sandwich shop, I'm way too worked up about the whole subject to even order a sandwich. And if you go to Togo's, it even gets worse: I walk to Togo's Sandwiches, avoiding the sun the whole way there. I get there and there is not even a menu on the wall. All Togo's are like that. Blinding light=yes. Menu=no. It gets even worse if you go to Safeway. After avoiding the sun all the way there, you walk in and think you're safe. No. If you make eye contact with ANY worker at Safeway they ask, "So, how are you doing today, Sir?" AVOID THE EYES. SAFE FROM THE SUN, BUT DO NOT LOOK AT THE EYES. 2 9

One thing the aliens that landed on earth years ago forgot to do when they bred the unsophisticated mammal on earth with themselves to create mankind was adapt our eyes to see bright suns better. *Their* sun may be dimmer than ours, but hey, they know so much about genetics—they should have modified our eyes a little better.

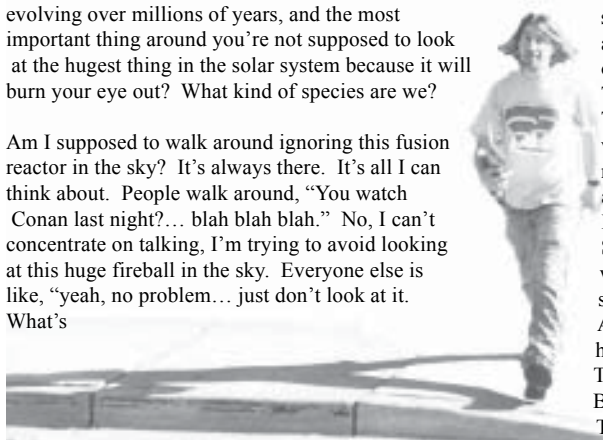
For a while before the 1980's mankind was smarter in some aspects. As we know, there were more dark places per capita, such as arcades, malls, taverns/bars, pizza places, etc. Even the inside of Orange Julius resembled a dark cave, a shelter from the harsh light that ironically helped grow the oranges for their pre-smoothie concoction. In the nineties, places got redecorated to provide an increased amount of sunlight to penetrate dwellings and franchises. Nowadays, there are few places to take shelter:

- Any windowless closet
- A fort made out of couch pillows, covered with sheets and afghans.
- Vince's Italian Food, West Sacramento
- Zelda's Pizza, Midtown Sacramento
- Most older bars.
- KDVS is in a basement—it's air conditioned too.

Some other interesting things you probably will never think about are as follows:

- The VISORS in cars are solely there to protect your eyes from being BURNED OUT. The Automotive Corporations are as scared as you.
- You need to wear SUNBLOCK because you're not supposed to go out in the sun.
- The untapped market for solar electric generation is underused because its dangerous.

At this point I may have convinced you somewhat of the dangers of the Sun, and you are expecting some non-mindblowing article wrap-up. Well, forget that. Sometime last year I bumped into some interesting facts *in support* of the Sun. It's not just that mankind wouldn't exist without it—it's just that I shouldn't be so afraid of it. A friend cued me into some key information and I began to "see the light" (huh huh). Basically, the theory is that all you need to survive is air and the Sun. There is a group of people on this



planet called "Breatharians" who practice such lifestyle. Breatharians believe that eating food is basically unnatural, and it is an addiction, like smoking or drinking. Have we all been lied to all these years?

People have actually gone long periods of time without eating and have remained remarkably healthy. I'm not talking about an occasional fast, but having a lifestyle of not eating. Although documentation of people who do not eat is scarce to westerners, there are people out there in different parts of the world. I heard of a guy who hasn't eaten for two years. There are breatharians who basically eat close to nothing practicing in the western world.

The theory behind it is that atoms and molecules don't need any type of food to survive, and thus your body—made up of atoms and molecules—does not need to eat. This does sound idiotic at first, but you must read into it to get to understand it a little better. Sun, air, and water provide the basics for human existence. Another basis behind this theory is that our thoughts basically rule our existence. If you believe you can't live without food, then you can't. We've basically seen feats of impossibility on popular shows like "That's Incredible", "Ripley's Believe It or Not", and "In Search Of." However, a lot of people that are intelligent enough to overcome matter by the power of the mind could care less about convincing the world through television that they are right.

Breatharians don't advocate fasting for the majority because 1) the damage to our environment over the years has made it difficult for humans to obtain proper energy for their cells without eating, and 2) it takes a certain mindset and training to be able to have control over your mind and body. On a parallel note to #2, it is believed by some that disease and suffering in a healthy individual are nothing but "a lie." Dr. Parkhearst Quimby, a man who lived in the U.S. in the 1800's, basically explained that the cause of all disease and discomfort lie in the opinions people have about themselves. This is backed scientifically through the properties of "quanta" in relation to physics. Dr. Quimby cured thousands of people just by disproving their "lies" (TO BE CONTINUED...). Yeah, just "food for thought."

So the sun has a more prominent role in our lives than I thought. Sadly enough, I'm a lazy M.F.'r and will continue to hoard Pork and Lamb in my freezer, and frequent lunch buffets* (*=with the exclusion of Pizza Buffets, which always seem to disappoint me, but drop me a clue if you come across a good one). I will continue this inefficiency guise because it is flat out easy and fun, although props out to the Breatharian dude in Utah, healthily living life without food, maximizing productivity, while only sleeping like seven hours a week. Geez, that guy must be able to party hard.

So here's the bottom line: We're all somehow loosely affiliated with the inefficient system of taking raw materials, converting them to personal use, hoarding, maintaining that pile, and dumping the exhausted mess somewhere when we don't need anymore (and letting someone else take care of that mess). Why dance around the fact? So celebrate:

- 1) Call you boss: "We're sick. I'm not coming in today."
- 2) Visit the liquor store. Drink in your Volkswagon Jetta in the mini-mall parking lot.
- 3) Call the wife/husband/boyfriend/girlfriend: "I was out on the freeway and suddenly pulled the e-brake; I don't know why. Then I got to thinking... Why do we have to lie to each other? We both have good intentions, but when you step back and look at the big picture, don't you think it is unnatural for human beings to pair-off and obsess about each other? The only thing we do is hang out with each other. When's the last time you hung out with anyone but me? Isn't that sick and pitiful? Our goal is to accumulate shit *for us*, use it up *for us*, and reproduce *for our sake*. And for all that time, we can't even be straight with one another. Well, there's a pile of porno mags hidden in the garage, occasionally I fantasize about XXXXXX, and although I love you, I wish I wasn't tied down to so much useless crap. I hate *Outback Steakhouse*, and *Applebee's* suck ass. Why do you like eating there so much? Now doesn't that sound more human? Who gives a fuck anyhow? One day the Sun is going burn-off most of it's hydrogen, the bloated fusioning giant will gulp us up, and there will be no more I-80, Ross, or Burger King. Well, anyhow, I'm taking the car in at 3PM to get the doors welded shut so we can be like the Dukes of Hazzard. I'm also going to the Health Club to take a dump in the middle of the squash court. Oh yeah, I wish I were a bird so I could crap on our car. I have nothing against The Sun, honey. I'm not hungry anymore so I won't be joining you for dinner tonight. Later."
- 4) Next time make a promise not to do this next time around.

And on that note, to be continued...

"We've definitely have to hang out again sometime."
"Tell XXXX I said 'Hi'"

2002 Fall Aggie Schedule

Sept. 21 North Dakota State 6 pm
Sept. 28 at Western Oregon 12:30 pm

Oct. 5 Sacramento State 6 pm
(49th Causeway Classic at Hughes Stadium, Sacramento)

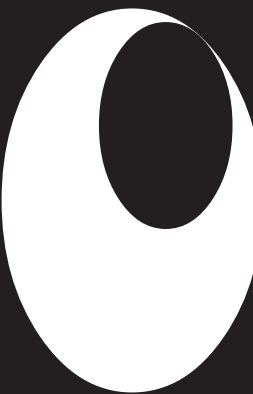
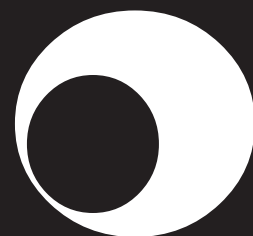
Oct. 19th Humboldt State
(Homecoming) 1:30 pm
Oct. 26 at Cal Poly 6 pm

Nov. 2 Saint Mary's 1:30 pm

Nov. 9 at Central Washington 1 pm

Nov. 16 at Western Washington 1 pm

All times Pacific
All games aired on KDVS 90.3
FM and KHTK 1140 AM
www.kdvs.org
Tickets: (530)-752-1915



KDVS TOP 90.3

1. Numbers - Life (Tigerbeat6)
2. Comets on Fire - Field Recordings from the Sun (Ba Da Bing!)
3. Brother JT - Maybe We Should Take Some More (Birdman)
4. Death By Chocolate - Zap the World (Jetset)
5. Múm - Finally We Are No One (Fat Cat)
6. Red Harvest - Sick Transit Gloria Mundi (Relapse)
7. Wilco - Yankee Hotel Foxtrot (Nonesuch)
8. Flaming Lips - Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots (Warner)
9. Red Chord - Fused Together in Revolving Doors (Robotic Empire)
10. Public Nuisance - Gotta Survive (Frantic)
11. Blackalicious - Blazing Arrow (MCA/Quannum)
12. v/a - Fields and Streams (Kill Rock Stars)
13. v/a - Northwest Battle of the Bands Vol.2 (Big Beat)
14. Vader - Revelations (Metal Blade)
15. Meshuggah - Nothing (Nuclear Blast)
16. Pere Ubu - St. Arkansas (Spin Art)
17. v/a - Scarey Business (Ace)
18. Decapitated - Nihilism (Earache)
19. Rovo - Tonic 2001 (Tzadik)
20. DJ Shadow - The Private Press (Quannum/MCA)
21. Sonic Youth - Murray Street (DGC/Interscope)
22. J-Live - All of the Above (Coup D'Etat)
23. Vomitory - Blood Rapture (Metal Blade)
24. Major Organ and the Adding Machine - s/t (Orange Twin)
25. v/a - And the Beat Goes Off... (Tigerbeat6)
26. Atom and His Package - Hamburgers (File 13)
27. The Major Stars - Distant Effects (Squealer)
28. Jason Lowenstein - At Sixes and Sevens (Sub Pop)
29. Machinery - No Return (Nuclear Blast)
30. Björkenheim/Häker Flaten/Nilssen-Love - Scorch Trio (Rune Grammofon)
31. Deerhoof - Surprise Symphony 7" (Cool Beans)
32. v/a - Shielded by Death Vol.2: Guillotined at the Hangar (Dionysus)
33. Kaisers - Shake Me (Get Hip)
34. Serberus - Descension (Pavement)
35. Addict Merchants - s/t (Funktronicz)
36. Listing Ship - Dance Class Revolution (True Classical CDs)
37. Elf Power - Creatures (Spin Art)
38. Bügsküll - Bügsküll and the Big White Cloud (Scratch)
39. Dukes of Hamburg - Some Folks (Gearhead)
40. Beachwood Sparks - Make the Cowboy Robots Cry (Sub Pop)
41. Gandalf - s/t (Sundazed)
42. Rhys Chatam - A Rhys Chatam Compendium (Table of the Elements)
43. Interpol - Turn on the Bright Lights (Matador)
44. Inebriated - Muzak (Nuclear Blast)
45. Tim Hecker - My Love is Rotten to the Core (Substratif)
46. Inebriated - Vindication (Kinebriated)
47. December - The Lament Configuration (Earache)
48. Palomar - 2 (Self-Starter Foundation)
49. v/a - Cookook CD: Libro de Cucina Y Musica (Eenie Meenie)
50. Kenny Wayne - 89th and Jump St. (Electro-Fi)
51. Atmosphere - God Loves Ugly (Fat Beats)
52. Ruins - 1986-1992 (Skin Graft)
53. Comet Gain - Réalistes (Kill Rock Stars)
54. Múm - Green Grass of Tunnel (Domino)
55. Jay Munly - Jimmy Carter Syndrome (Smooch)
56. Nokturnal - Fury Unleashed (Nokturnal Syndrome)
57. Naysayer - Heaven, Hell, or Houston (Carrot Top)
58. Forsaken - Arts of Desolation (Century Media)
59. Knead - 1st (PSF)
60. Belle and Sebastian - Storytelling (Matador)
61. Erase Errata/Black Dice - split 7" (Troubleman Unlimited)
62. Monolight - Free Music (Rune Grammophon)
63. The Bran Flakes - Bounces! (Happi Thyme)
64. Nels Cline - Instrumentals (Cryptogramophone)
65. Terry Hanck - I Keep Holding On (Mo Muscle)
66. v/a - For a Few Fuzz Guitars More (DMT)
67. Bis - Plastique Nouveau (Spin Art)
68. v/a - Psychedelic States: New York in the 60's Vol. 1 (Gear Fab)
69. Cattle Decapitation - Serving Man (Metal Blade)
70. Favez - From Lausanne, Switzerland (Doghouse)
71. Blevin Blectum - Talon Slalom (Deluxe)
72. Polyphonic Spree - The Beginning Stages Of (Good Records)
73. The Magic Carpathians - Ethnocore 3: Vak (Fly Music)
74. Soft Machine - Backwards (Cuneiform)
75. Cave 76 - Arizona (Sonic Boom)
76. Mars Ill - Blue Collar Session (Ill Boogie)
77. Michael Yonkers - Microminiature Love (DeStijl)
78. Fat Day - IV (Dark Beloved Cloud)
79. The American Analog Set - Updates EP (Tigerstyle)
80. Origami Arktika - Vardøgr (Silber)
81. Black Lung/Xingu Hill - The Andronechron Incident (Ant-Zen)
82. Orugusu Norihide - Humour (Carpark)
83. lusine iel. - Iron City (Metarc)
84. Joe Meek - I Hear a New World (RPM)
85. Cul De Sac - Immortality Lessons (Strange Attractors Audio)
86. Tower Recordings - Folk Scene (Communion)
87. Radian - Rec. Extern (Thrill Jockey)
88. Soul-Junk - 1957 (Strange Attractors Audio)
89. People Under the Stairs - O.S.T. (PUTS)
90. Volcano the Bear - Volseptor (Beta-lactam Ring)
- 90.3. Marlin Wallace - The Corillions Double Album (Rasslin)

SOCIAL EVOLUTION THROUGH ATTRITION; FINAL FURY???

By: Donkey Flybye



Well, it's me again, bringing you what could quite well be the last chapter of Social Evolution through

Attrition. I am leaving KDVS, at least for now. Friends and fans hang your heads, foes applaud NOW. Nothing personal. I'm just tired. Too tired to do a great show at any rate. I have burnout, a common affliction among those who care about anything. KDVS is a unique and wonderful place; it saved my life and my soul. It reminded me how great a thing freeform underground radio could be, and I wanted to go on record thanking each and every person who got me involved. My thanks go to Justin Kable, Brian Faulkner, Brian Weiss and Sakura Saunders, just to name a few. Many others as well, too many to mention. Thanks to all. Thanks as well to all those who built and nurtured this station. You have done a great thing.

I don't want to be a DJ who just re-hashes old, tired concepts so I am moving on to play my own music instead. I will begin doing this as soon as I get rested enough to be a creative force once more. I want to state right here and now that I have the utmost respect for all those at KDVS who manage to do outstanding, educational shows for many years without losing that 'spark' that makes a great DJ, these people amaze me. People like Brian Faulkner. People like Tim and Megan. People like Mick. People like Nix. Others fit this description as well, but if I name all the shows I love, everyone will know all the shows I don't and that isn't what I'm trying to do here. Suffice it to say that I believe that everything in life has a beginning, middle, and end, but some people don't believe that. Enough said regarding that.

All that said and done I want to tell you, dear, dear reader, about an event that occurred very recently. Herein exists the meat of this article, the rest was just to warm you up. As most of you don't know, I am forty eight years old.

I am not a small man, I am six feet tall and weigh in at around two hundred eighty pounds. I have facial hair, glasses and tattoos. I look like a cross between your dad and an over-the-hill biker. I have bad habits, I am a rage-aholic, I drink too much and am not much of a bather. I do not, however, use drugs. I'm too old and too experienced for that, I've seen good people wash their lives down the toilet just looking to get high. I'm not going to

give anyone advice on that front, but I will say that it is a cold world and getting colder. A lapse of judgment could be a life sentence these days. No foolin'. Get high and forget to wear (or make him wear) a Johnny cap? Aids. Hepatitis C. Herpes. Kids. Death or death in life. There was a time when all that wasn't so much an issue, that time was fun, that time has passed. Too bad for you. I, well personally, would rather drink just enough to have fun when out in public then go home and drink too much in private. I won't drive drunk. I won't even leave the house drunk. Why bring all this up? Hang on, dear reader, you won't believe this one.

If you have read my last three years of articles, you know that I am large on social responsibility. I am a believer in not backing down to people who screw with me or anyone else. A bully is an ugly thing. I should know, since people will tell you I am one. You also know if you have been paying attention to what I've been saying that I think Davis was once a great town and it is going downhill really, really fast. The new open container policy is one example. I doubt any Davis City Council before the one we have now (at least after 1968) would have passed that crap. I'll give you more.

Some friends of mine have thrown house parties here in Davis for years trying to provide a space in Davis for live music people under twenty-one can go to. A few weeks back they got cited with a noise violation at nine o'clock in the evening while bands weren't even playing. They received, without a warning, and for the first time in many years, coincidence? What do you think? I've heard stories of this happening recently to other people in Davis. Want more?

A friend of mine, a good friend of mine who has done more and sacrificed more for the community of Davis than it deserves by working harder than he should have for KDVS got arrested recently. Why? For trying to explain to Davis PD that his sister, who was visiting him from out of town, didn't want to go to the hospital with paramedics who came after she got injured at a party. The charge? Drunk and disorderly. According to the story I heard, the cops grabbed him from behind by the back of his head and threw him on the ground, injuring his knee. There was almost every available cop in Davis, something like five cars. This guy did nothing worthy of this police action, at least not from what witnesses have told me. He just wanted to stay with his sister. His court date? 9/11.

Now comes the good part. I got home the other night after working a nine hour shift. I was tired but my wife and I needed toilet paper, something hard to do without. We live in a hellhole a block from the store, so we thought we would walk. It was eight o'clock in the evening. We were having a spirited discussion, as we live in an apartment and must go out to vent. There was nothing abusive

about this, we are both large people, she is 5'10 and has a big, wonderful voice. I also have a big voice, not as wonderful. Let me state here that we were not screaming at each other, just conversing and emoting the way people are supposedly allowed to do in a free society. We rounded the corner and saw a large group of people standing in our way down the block. Not being in any way fans of people, we discussed how to get around those people without actually talking to or touching them. I thought we should just cross the street, my wife thought we should go back and go around the block the other way. Taking charge of things as I well know can't be done where my wife is concerned, I started walking across the street. She, as she always does (read why I love her), did exactly what she wanted to do and started walking down the block the other way. I called after her and did the sensible thing, I decided she was right (read if I wanted to walk with her, we went her way) and started after her. ENTER THE DAVIS POLICE. Please note here that everything I state was said here is only as I remember it. I'm not a recording device, I'm sure some of it is not accurate. I am also taking a bit out so as to protect the innocent although I believe there are none.

A prowler car had just passed by. The cop turned around. I was an LA youth, I was big, young, stupid and pissed off. Now I am no longer young and know full well the folly of crossing a cop. None the less, when the guy got out of his car and walked briskly up to me, I couldn't resist a "What now?" Spoken, not yelled. The nice Davis policeman looked at my wife, still walking away, and said to her in a nice, Davis policeman voice, "Hold it! Come back here!" The party had begun! Now, bear in mind that my wife and I hate where we live. We hate the neighbors big assed barking dog at seven every morning. We hate the way our neighbors seek a sense of unity with us by hanging out on the stairs to our apartment and in the parking lot all day every day. We were trying to avoid any contact with anyone, which included this nice Davis policeman. That is why I asked this gentleman if he had nothing better to do than bother middle-aged people walking down the street. His reply? "I saw you walking in the street back there." My reply? "There is no signal at that corner, it isn't illegal to walk in the street right there." The Davis policeman radio comes out. The second Davis policeman cruses up in his oh-so-macho Davis police truck. That was too much, I said the words one does not say to a nice, Davis policeman. "You are a public servant, we have broken no laws and you are wasting our time. I work at a job in Davis and I pay your salaries, don't you have something better to do, like catching criminals?" Not good, I know, but the sting of the abuse taken by my friends



separating us, the nice Davis policeman told me the reason he stopped us was because Davis has an especially high rate of domestic abuse. My reply? "Why do you think that is, officer? The people in this town are better educated and have more money than in most places." I was trying to tell him that how the Davis P.D. handles things makes things worse, skewing statistics at times like these and seeing abuse where none exists. My wife's next question, spoken in a voice of exasperation brought on by this total stranger's self entitled implication that he 'knew what was up' with us, "What in the world makes you believe that any abuse is going on here? We are just walking down the street to get toilet paper!" The nice Davis policeman informs us that he saw me following her. "We were going for a walk to get toilet paper!" No more fun and games, I know my wife as well as I know myself, she is enraged at this continued forced contact and is taking it out on those responsible, the nice Davis police. This, I well know, is not good, the police take it personally.

The nice Davis policeman says to my wife, "I have reason to believe that you are under the influence of a methamphetamine, why else would you be so angry and yelling at us? I think I might have to take you in for testing." This is quite a leap from questioning us to detect any domestic abuse for her protection. I see the look on her face, she is stunned. "How could you even say that? I have every right to be angry, we did nothing and you won't leave us alone! Of course I appear upset, I am upset! I've never done drugs in my life!" I know this to be the case, and I tell them so, I tell them to leave her alone. This situation is getting worse fast. I inform them that I will be speaking to their supervisor; I tell them that we are both under stress; I ask them what exactly the point is of all this. I look again at my wife; I can imagine her sitting on the curb, her arms behind her back with handcuffs on with five nice Davis police cars lining the street. I call one of the cops over. I tell him our address; I ask if they have sensitivity training. I look at the nice Davis policeman and say, "How would you feel if this happened to you? We went out for a walk to buy toilet paper." He looks at me and says, "What makes you think that this never happened to me?" I see that he means what he says. I say, "How did it make you feel?" He walks over to his partner. They speak together quietly for a few moments, and we are free to go. Davis: A real nice place to raise your kids up.

Goodby & try not to reproduce-

Donkey Flybye can be reached at: DJDONKEY@CAL.NET at least for now.

Drop me a post. it wont hurt. much.



Adam Yergovich ON UNDERGROUND CULTURE

Everyone would like to think that they are an individual untainted by common beliefs and "mainstream" culture. A romantic notion, to be sure, but what of constant bombardment from the television, radio, and billboards? If there is any doubt as to their impact, simply look at the now popular sports utility vehicle. The advertisements for these vehicles often make it seem that by owning one, the owner will become more rugged and individualistic. The ads cater to the human desire to be individuals, but undermine the customer's humanity as they buy a gas-guzzling vehicle, and sell a piece of their soul. These people are in peril. Though they may not even realize it, they are offered the same thing from several places. Whether it is which brand of SUV or their news station of choice, they hear only the opinions of a few, and are shown only what they want to see. Often these people become yet another cog in the corporate machine, and never realize what happened to their life. It takes analysis from the outside, or perhaps "the underground" to truly give an opposing view to what they have seen.

What then of the often triumphed "underground" of culture? Perhaps some think of a single group, "Goths" or "computer geeks." But culture, especially in America, is not easily described in one term. Most succinctly put, underground culture is the aspects of our humanity and ourselves that are not apparent to the casual observer. People who truly move the underground are those who have become individuals and learned to ignore the billboards and commercials. This transcendence from the common people can often lead to ostracism and persecution. Look for an example at one of my particular favorite literary genres, Fantasy. Fantasy often uses powers and abilities both magical and awesome to look at some aspect of humanity. It can be obvious or subtle, but it always has a message for people who read it. J.R.R. Tolkien is considered the founder of Fantasy, a man who taught English at Oxford, and in fact had his English Doctorate from there. Yet somehow his work is considered to have no "literary merit" by all the standardized testing agencies in the United States. None of his works may be used on the SAT or any Advanced Placement test simply because it is Fantasy.

"The Underground," then, is given few outlets and ways to open the minds of people. KQVS is one of the last freeform radio stations in the country. It is an outlet for the underground, and stands in direct opposition to commercial radio. It can introduce you to music and thoughts that you never knew existed. It is our job here at the station to bring to light the aspects of culture that are hidden away by commercial stations. Join us in the underground here on 90.3 KQVS in Davis.

-The Highway Man



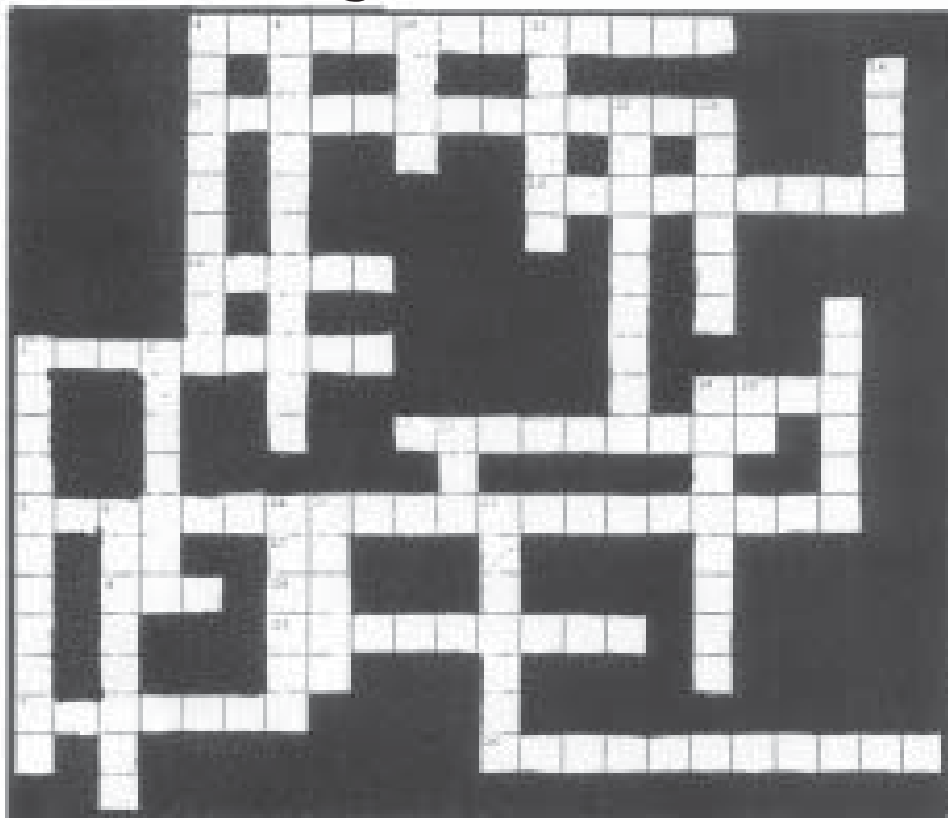
KDVS KOMIKS N' FUN



Life As a KDVS Noise DJ.
by mariochoku



Jason's Garage and 60's Krossword



ACROSS

- 1 From Fresno, CA, their first 45 had the A-Side "Don't Do It Some More"
- 3 From Gary, Indiana two of their songs are "No Chance Baby" and "Got to have your lovin"
- 4 Backing group for Ray Columbus
- 5 Local groups' Singer is a cartoonist, guitarist was on The A-Team, drummer is a KISS nut, and the bassist is co-creator of the Huggabaloos.
- 7 Bocky & The _____
- 8 Home for the remains of cremated people
- 15 Don & The _____
- 16 Mr. LSD
- 17 Ricardo Montalban's weapon of choice (think 007)
- 18 Shameless self promotion
- 23 Stones' 6th album
- 26 Local band affiliated with gold rush pioneers
- 27 Oregon abbr.
- 28 Postal abbreviation for Massachusetts

DOWN

- 1 Let's Go in '69 group
- 2 When you don't hear music on the air
- 4 "Love" member recently released from prison
- 6 Count Five plus One
- 9 Most popular beat group out of Keflavik, Iceland
- 10 An ode to transvestites
- 11 Spanish word for ape
- 12 Hollies' 1967 album
- 13 7-inch: "Makin' Deals"/"Lines and Squares" group
- 14 Freeform radio for the Sacramento valley
- 18 From Riverside in '65, they were named after a type of horse or car
- 19 Local band whose name is a historical landmark in Texas
- 20 "___ affair to remember"
- 21 Flamenco dancer's final cry
- 22 Animals, Monkees, Swamp Rats, and Dogs
- 24 Desert wanderers
- 25 "If it hadn't been for the ___ my garage band woulda been bigger than the Stones"

Send complete crosswords to:
Jason's Krossword Kontest
c/o
KPVS Radio

14 Lower Freeborn Hall
Davis, Ca 95616

First correct crossword received gets a COOL Garage Comp!

35



Engineering Post Rock's Future:

A Talk With Jonathan Kreinik

Interview by Donna Han & Peter Dedman

Emerging from the Washington, D.C., or rather D.C.'s illustrious Arlington, Virginia emo/indie/D.I.Y. punk rock scene, Jonathan Kreinik has been a key player in that area's musical output. Pivotal to sharpening the edge of Trans Am's sound, with their suburban Washington roots, Kreinik has put the 'raw' in D.C. rawk. Drawing from a myriad of sonic influences, especially the immediacy of fuzz-laden, guitar-heavy bands, Kreinik's production talents have attracted a number of loud 'n' proud D.C. area and national rock bands.

He's also an amazing multi-instrumental musician in his own right, as this interviewer can testify. (Tangent here: In high school, we jammed one night in his basement studio at his parent's house and I was so in awe of his playing that I all I did was some weak witchy-poo vocals making my voice waver and moan in nonsensical fashion. Not an ideal contribution but Kreinik still tweaked with it later—he was recording us—and made even that sound cool.) Trans Am, a band known for hoarding control over their own productions, were so comfortable after working with the engineer, they laid back and allowed Jonathan Kreinik almost complete autonomy in mixing their most recent album, TA (Thrill Jockey).

How'd you find yourself in this biz?

Banged on a lot of desks during class. My dad always played music. We always had instruments, tape machines, whatever around the house. He and my mom were really encouraging in that regard. They made me take band in elementary school, which eventually lead to me quitting soccer, which was my only interest other than BMX at the time. I wanted a synth and the only way I could get one was with help from my folks at the time — I was 12. They said I could have one but I had to take piano lessons. I got into that, played in a community jazz band for a while, accumulated more synths and gadgets, sequencers, tape machines — made weird tapes for my friends in high school — lots of sequence-based, dancey or synth hardcore music, but never really got beyond the dabbling phase of being in a band. Played more and more guitar, quit piano lessons at some point, went to Boston for college [Berklee School of Music], joined Glazed Baby on bass, and was promptly kicked out after the second show. Eventually bought a Bassman head and a Marshall cabinet, which, truth be told are my biggest influences. I like the way my amp sounds and that makes me want to play.

How long have you been working with Trans Am?



Since summer of 1997. I took some time off in 2000 'cause we were getting on each other's nerves. Mostly me on

theirs, I think.

Did sticking with one band help or hurt your development as a sound engineer?

As far as doing live sound for Trans Am, it's probably hurt only if I were trying to be a great live sound engineer for anyone who comes my way. At the same time, I've been sound checking the same band since 1997, and with the varying quality of rooms and PA's that I have to deal with, having the band be a fairly consistent thing leaves a lot of room to fuck with the system—and know it's the system that needs to be messed with, not Trans Am, or my brain!



Who else have you worked for?

I've recorded and mixed parts of Calibos records, the Make Up "Little Black Book", Frodus "Explosions", Conglomerate International, and others. Somehow I co-mixed a Guided By Voices thing, the Early Humans, an Engine Down 7", Impossible 5 7", the Movies, Hot Cross 10", the White Apes, the Wets...those are all standouts, otherwise I'm drawing a blank on specifics...

As far as recording goes, which has been my main interest, I've never really stuck with one band. Early on I did a lot of stuff with Shelby Cinca and Jason Hammacher from Frodus/Travellers of Tyme/the Jerks, but otherwise, the bands and records have been varied enough that I'm constantly learning things, experimenting, and messing with the idea of "sounding good" which is so subjective it's sometimes pointless. If throwing up one mic gives you Thee Mighty Caesars and that sounds good, or working for three or 4 months on TA resulted in a sound that we liked, you As far the solo stuff goes, performing is 99% of what I do musically these days — it's not like I have time to work on my own or Pines' records so the live thing is definitely a big focus, whether I want it to be or not. I guess it makes me want to lock myself away and do music for that much more. Otherwise, performing is just an out of body experience for me and it doesn't translate anywhere else in my life. I don't remember much about actual live experiences I've had. Just blurs until something goes wrong.

What was one show where everything went wrong?

It was recently at the Aquaplaning Festival on the French Riviera. We were sharing drums with Black Dice. They were going off so hard that the kick drum head broke.

The festival was almost too arty to even have a drum set in the first place. They did rent one, but they didn't bring any heads. So when the Trannies got up to play it was a bit of a mess. It sucked 'cause we were having a great time being there for 5 days and everyone was psyched to kick it out. It was otherwise a lackluster show for having marinated for a week at the beach. Otherwise I'm sure there are better disasters but I usually forget them.

Are there any other sound teams you really like?

I don't know, really. For live sound, it's such an anonymous thing. To date, the best sounding show I've ever seen has been Spiritualized at the 9:30 Club [Washington, D.C.] on the Floating in Space tour. It sounded like a record, but oh, so live. I don't really like any other live sound people's work. They live in fear of breaking things it seems. James Murphy [who produced Six Finger Satellite's *Law of Ruins*, Zero Zero's *AM Gold*, and two Trans Am albums] I've never heard mix, but I hear he went for it. He and I see eye-to-eye on many things, but don't tell him I said that.

For records there are few people I generally like and a lot of records where it was just a really good match between the band and engineer/producer/recording slave. Eno is always up there, a lot of Rick Rubin, I like the two Duran Duran and Bow Wow Wow records that Colin Thurston did. Whoever recorded Wire's *Pink Flag* [Phil Hardiman was the engineer] gets a big thumbs up, Mutt & ACDC on *Highway to Hell*, a lot of Tubby and Scratch Perry, some Martin Hannett, PJHarvey/Albini was a good match. I like the sound of the recent Radiohead things...Kraftwerk, first handful of Pink Floyd records, Can records sound amazing. Lots of edits. I can think of records more than individual sound folks. Which is irritating, cause I know I'd be stoked if someone was into ALL my stuff, but whatever. The Bomb Squad, Timbaland, JD, Dre, and recently the Neptunes and lots of DIRTY SOUTH stuff is rocking my world. It's the real modern rock, hip hop is. A lot of indie rockers can't deal with it, and I have too much respect for it to say I'm an expert, but seriously, I find more inspiration in Ludacris' last one than almost anything I've heard in the last 5 years, maybe 10.

What's up for you next?

There are a lot things floating and some are concrete. I have a week to do something like relax and then go to Europe for Thrill Jockey 10 and the Trans Am tour. Home to record some bands. I have a record by a band called the American that I've had to leave up in the air with all this touring. I'd like to give them a record soon!!! (Chick Chick Chick) and the Prosaics have shown some interest in doing some stuff this fall. The White Apes, the 'Cudas — everyone wants a record. Oh yeah, this other band from San Diego [Rocket From the Crypt] asked me to do some shows with them, so that would be November. After that who knows. Mexico is sounding good to me.

Kreinik's website, Boombox Magnetica, can be found at <http://absinthe.gmu.edu/boombox/>

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RECORD REVIEWS AND OTHER STUFF...



"I'm Not On Valium": A Musical Review by Gideon

People tell me that the music I listen to tends to be too sad for them. I won't brush off that comment because I realize that yes, the music I like the most tends to be rather sad. There's just something about melancholy music that I understand better than up tempo music. I think and feel the most when the music I listen to reflects my inner workings. And while I'm not a depressed tortured person, I can appreciate sadness for the humanity it provides us all with. So with that, here's my mini review regarding some of the best experimental, drone, post-rock, and other sad bands with new albums out.

-Grace Guardado, AKA GIDEON

P.S. Pardon my language. I'm not very good at categorizing music into established genres.

Beef Terminal- The Grey Knowledge

File Under: Neither drone nor post-rock, but somewhere in between.

You won't hear any vocals on this album unless you count the sampled voices of strangers. Aside from that, this is mostly an instrumental album with sad guitar work. It's introspective with its clean beats, deep sounds, and haunting melancholia. With Beef Terminal blasting out of your stereo, sadness is a lovely thing. Key Song: Red Sky Take Warning

Bügsköll and the Big White Clöud- Self Titled

File Under: Humpback Whale lovers mix guitars with sampled sounds The album starts off with a simple track that seems to repeat the same sampled lick over and over again. It's non-threatening and in a way, it is rather catchy. There are some more songs like this on the album and while they're

good, they don't have the sadness I strive for in the music I listen to. Nevertheless, Bügsköll don't disappoint and they meet my needs by providing some wonderfully disconnected songs. These songs are full of experimentation, drone, depression, humpback whale-like sounds, and intrigue. Overall, I've fallen in love with this album. I feel that it blends the right amount of experimentalism and established (post) rock aesthetic so that it's neither too experimental nor too regular. It's just right. Key Song: We Understand That

Nate Ruth- Whatever It Meant

File Under: Muffled vocals under music with a lot of reverb

Nate Ruth is a man, not the name of a band. From the sound of this album it is obvious that Ruth has experimented with many genres (i.e. punk, post-rock, electronic) and couldn't decide on a style. Whatever It Meant melds them all to produce a single honest loud sound that leaves you wondering if what you heard could ever be categorized. Key Song: End Up

SIR- The Night I Met My Second Wife

File Under: Brooding emotional music from Australia

This duo melds gloomy guitars, organs, and electronic sounds with spoken like vocals. The songs are full of sad melodrama dealing with love, heartache, and divorce. These topics usually produce cheesy-already-been-done efforts but Sir's approach is closer to a funeral procession than a wedding. Key Song: The Night I Met My Second Wife

TOP 5 SHOWS OF LAST YEAR



-by The Jestre

(note: this was supposed to be published a few KDViotionS ago, but I got lazy.)

(5) **The Bowlies** outdoor show in a cul-de-sac with the Bunny. In between the bands TVs were smashed. How much more punk can you get?

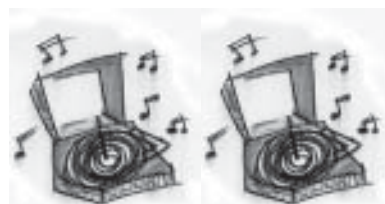
(4) **Infrasound with Crawl Unit** at some warehouse in Sacramento. Very strange venue and someone actually lives in the back of the warehouse.

(3) **Glass Candy and the Shattered Theatre** at the D Street house in Davis. [That Ms. Ida No sure knows how to dress!]

(2) **Any show at the DAM House.** From Sweaty Vibrant to the Chromatics the bands were always rockin', the PBR always on tap, and the food always delicious.

(1) **Fleshies** at Mick's place. [Hidy hi-i-idy ho!] You can't beat the intensity of these guys playing live and in person in the same living room as the crowd. Anal Mucus also played and put on an equally amazing performance.

_the Jestre



Record Reviews



REVIEWS BY DJ MALLOCS

Chunnel Unit - Tracks of Sand (Transistorized) - This one is on the minimal techno tip, and it's generating a lot of talk in IDM-land. Reminiscent of maybe Morton Subotnick's Sidewinder LP, but revamped for the new millennium. Think of the ambient sounds of Boards of Canada meshed with the harsh rhythms of Autechre. At any rate, I dig it if I'm in the right mood. I can imagine dying of dehydration in the middle of the desert and hearing the rhythms of this album pulsating in my brain. These rhythms combine with strange scratchy sounds to create a very interesting listening experience. This one shouldn't be too hard to find, as I noticed even a local record store had a couple copies on hand.

The Jabberwalkies - Chains of Chance (Institution) - I may not be first deejay that pops into your head when you think of indie rock, but there once was a time not long ago, say about ten years, when I used to follow the rock n' roll scene a little more closely. Indeed, such L.A. bands as Distorted Pony and Slug still rank high on my list of favorite artists. And back in the day, I arrived a bit early for a Distorted Pony gig at Al's Bar where I happened to catch this insane duo. These two bring more intensity of sound than many bands with 4 or 5 members. Lem was on the drums and Stan would work out the guitar and vocals. While the record doesn't quite reach the intensity of their live performances, it is still quite innovative, and many of today's indie rockers have been heavily influenced by their distinct sound. This new LP/CD of theirs on the seminal Institution Records is definitely worth checking out.

JJ Scruggs - Twine Twine (Alan Town) - Now it's on to something a little more funky. On this new school funk 45, JJ Scruggs rips out a take off of Alvin Cash's Twine Time, but with some even crazier drumming than the original. The guitar work on this one is top notch and JJ belts out some amazing vocals. But it's the break that I like the most: super-heavy drums that almost sound as if they've been thickened up in the studio, but JJ has maintained in interviews that both sides were recorded raw with no studio tricks in the production.

My World - TV Sounds (Ripened) - This one is My World's newest release and it's on the experimental side of things. This British duo has taken all their samples from television - not even movies, only tv. Most of these samples have been heavily manipulated so they aren't too easy to recognize. Some of them are from soundtracks while others are the usual samples of people saying things that are, well, cool samples. The result is somewhat frightening, as it conjures up images of low-brow television meshed with wacky experimental.

DJ Mel S - Numbers / TR (Pretense) - Finally, I've got to include some drum and bass to round things out. This one came out in early September and it's definitely a smasher. Mel S has put out a couple other records before this one, perhaps most notably on Tensile Records, but this one is making far more of an impact on the dnb scene. Mel S lays down a straight ahead amen/mentasm combo on Numbers, but chops the amen silly till it's practically unrecognizable. For those who don't know, the amen is a drum break from the Winstons - Amen Brother and the mentasm comes from an old Joey Beltram song. Not only is it completely chopped up, but the break varies quite a bit throughout the song instead of sticking to only one or two different edits. As for the flip, TR is basically a vocal track with the vocals supposedly being lifted from an old movie. On this one as well, the break is impressive and the synth sounds are nice and heavy. Mel S is one to watch out for!

WE STILL KILL THE OLD WAY - compilation - Clone records

This label is devoted to the easily accessible and primitive sounds of the first drum machines and synthesizers. They promote that instinctual desire to create a beat and Anyone who mc-505 (a machine in I'm talking represented here are mostly about electro in its rawest form. The only reason the music is marginally more sophisticated is because new equipment has made it difficult to sound like its 1982 all over again. Interestingly, the standout track from artist Mocky (whom I will discuss later) is a blend of two step and modern mainstream hip hop/R&B that sounds like it really was recorded in 1982 had they been aware of future directions in beat creation. This electro revival of late will definitely help with the success of releases like this. Do I like it? Yes. In the right context, just like everything else. It's half good for night driving, and half good for pure dancefloor fodder. If you enjoy the poor, impatient man's version of deep house, electro and techno, you will find this to be quite ill. Best tracks are from MOCKY, DEXTER, PERSPECTS & DUPLEX. See a pattern in the names? 52:17.

IN MESOPOTAMIA - MOCKY - Mocky Recordings

The 6 degrees of separation theory works for Mocky in this way - he is a cohort of master "prankster" Gonzales, who is undisputedly the most successful act on German label Kitty-Yo. Both Gonzales and Mocky share a penchant for lo-fi sounds with a weird pop sensibility. Gonzales, however, is a classically trained musician, whereas Mocky substitutes deep attention to melody for an abstract, sample heavy sound that relies on punky repetition to put you in a trance. I could have sworn his sound was pot induced; and after a brief email with the man himself I was proven right. Mocky has two kinds of approaches: simple and direct, murky and elusive. A track like "Sweet music" is a catchy pop cut with a campfire quality to it, albeit with a fat drum backing with sampled tom drum fills and shitty/cute harp playing. The flipside to this style would be the track "Show me that you're mine". Without the vocals this would be a boring instrumental downtempo piece like an untalented DJ Vadim from '95. Mocky puts life into this sound with his off kilter approach of throwing odd and disparate audio snippets into the mix. These two songs include videos by the way, with a total of 4 on the album for your Mac or pc. Dope shit. 49:21.

FURTHER ELECTRONICS volume 1 - compilation - EFA/e:motion

EFA is a massive distribution entity that releases collections for recent notable electronic music from labels around the world; or more precisely, the "axis of digital events" (Europe, N. America and Japan). This installment includes music from California - Plug Research, Germany - VMF records, Belgium - Quartermass, and England - Rephlex, among many others. The problem with releases like this lies in the probability that someone who is inclined to pick it up will already own a good many of these songs and are not likely to be impressed by filler that sound too much the same. This is meant for those who will recognize the aesthetic any maybe one name and feel they are acquiring a solid IDM compilation, which they are. In Europe, as in the states, the life-after-Warp records scene is becoming mature and going public. This unfortunately means music gets played out quicker because they feel the pressure to release the same songs all over again because this time 'round it will reach 4x as many people. There should have been a more dynamic range in technical and verbal ideas I.M.H.O. Then again, if I love the sound of my own idea of a compendium of music why don't I marry it? The aggro sounds over the top assets of Tigerbeat6, or the quality merging of "eectronic" and hip hop in the Hefty records and Chocolate Ind. camps should have been included. Then again, that may be my bias due to my physical location in the world. Best tracks are by the excellent BERND FRIEDMAN with his open, acoustic sound and STATIC and MING from the City Centre Offices and Doxa labels respectively with a humble approach that digitally soothes our cochleae into submission. 65:49.

idm reviews by
MUPETBLAST



Can I Have That Techno CD?

By DJ ATOM O.N.E.

Dj Sceptor: "Mystical Fusion" Shaolin Recording & Production

Focusing our attention to his continuous mix, we achieve the euphoric mindset that trance music creates with a brief introduction from dj Sceptor. Like a hurricane, the next track he slams into the mix is an upbeat vocal track that reminds me of a Japanese vocalist borderlining the styles of Aiko Marie. As the tracks progress throughout the cd, you will hear that the energy is kept high and comfortably happy. The styles of his vinyl selection are compared to the long, lost, but not forgotten ways of many djs of the past including: Dyloot, Tone, Mars, & Mystre; in the early scene of '98. These styles brought forth such classics as the Blade movie song, Feel the Beat and Sandstorm. If you are an elderly raving dancer you will enjoy the high-energy cd, mixed by Sceptor. To inquire about receiving a copy contact : in the CA area (916) 428-0849 or email Dj_Sceptor@hotmail.com

Aiko Marie "Wish" Immixture Records

Releasing the debut cd out here in the stateside, Aiko Marie and Peter De Leon's cd bring the J pop sensation to United States. The diversity of this cd exceeds all the boundaries given to Japanese music, for the fact that their styles range from J pop and its converted American tracks, to hip-hop instrumentals with the shogun samurai feel, to even remixes of the cover song into a Trance tune! As all tracks are professionally studio produced the quality is top notch. The third song on the LP entitled, "Think About It" is an exclusive American vocal track layered over an ear-pleasing hip-hop beat that is sure to relax any kindred spirit. At the beginning and breakdown there is an ancient Japanese wood wind flute that truly portrays authenticity. And the trance remix of "Anata No Piano De" is perfectly laid out and is great for all you mix djs that are willing to beat-match new exciting tracks. The Immixture family -compiled of Aiko, Peter, Doug, and Ray- went all out and are planning an explosive release on the shores of Japan and covering the US. Watch Out!!! To inquire about receiving a copy contact : Immixture Records at www.immixture.com

Dj Ultraman "TransNRG" A Divine Interventions Recording

Pull your mind through the dark cataclysmic chasms of your brain to its primal state; the tribal progressive trance mixed by Dj Ultraman does exactly that. Directing multiple clubs such as VIP and Hollywood House, Ultraman knows what the clubbers want: the energy kept clean and laid out into an explosive journey. "The thump of the bass through your speakers will do nothing but make you shake your bon-bon through the whole mix," states Mike. The ambient breakdowns and echoing rhythms that have been nicely blended, make this mix fluid through the beginning to the finish. So turn down your lights when listening to this cd and let the music control your body. To inquire about receiving a copy contact : Ultraman at DjUltraman@yahoo.com



OM Records

The Dj that brought you the Mushroom Jazz collection is here to give you yet another taste of a salsa and mellow house compilation. Starting out with a track called, "Latin Impressions" that features a live accordion combined with salsa beats, you know what he has brought you; Nothing but the funky stuff! Intertwining plenty of piano melodies and the deep bass that does nothing but hum, this cd is great to relax to and kick one back. This cd can be found in all the major record stores along with his others, but check out their website and see if you will be the lucky one to grab the limited edition free promotion. Tell them that KDVS sent ya! www.omrecords.com

Digital Space "Second Coming" Dimensional Records

Being an all-star at holding both the big influences into electronic music -being a Producer and DJ- Digital Space sees nothing but stars in the sky. This album proves so; by incorporating many styles of trance into a single self-produced compact disc. All tracks are continuously blended by Joe Schaffer also known as Digital Space. The majority of the tracks contain epic trance with that favored psychedelic feel; but towards the end he hits you hard, like getting hit in the face with a bag full of bricks, with some unsuspected Drum & Bass. The first track, called "States of Consciousness," gives a Paul Oakenfold feel to it due to the fact that it uses similar bass-synths and mystical melodies. The last track is a major ambient progressive track that wraps the whole cd into one song, by throwing your mind into the natural state with the insects and animals in a rain forest. This cd will start you on a trip across the vastness of confusion and ends at the enchanting epicenter of your celestial spirit. Visit spacebeats.com or contact joe@spacebeats.com

Dj Kryptik "Jungle Zone : episode 10" Radio DMZ

Jungle Zone is a two-hour multi-platform radio show that is harbored in the city of San Francisco. For the first hour you have the privilege of listening to Dj Kryptik mix some of the newest promotional tracks coming from the very best of Compound Records. Upon further examination of the first hour, you listen as Kryptik's flawless mixing launches your body into a full-on uncontrolled bobbing and bouncing towards the beat. The style displayed is nothing but the hard and wild J U N G L E. During the first hour when the song entitled, "Fright Night by Narcosis" is played you know that there will be nothing but the hot stuff featured. The special guest in the second hour is Dj D-Celly coming from Cork, Ireland. He packs some of Ireland's most punchy beats that lead into steamrolling drum loops. D-Celly even adds into the mix my personal favorite style; intelligent jungle, which gives unexpected congo rolls every eight counts.



To inquire about receiving a copy visit : www.radiodmz.com or contact robin@khz.cc



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Free Jazz Overviews

By King Alcohol

Okay, here are some records that I seriously dig. I don't know much about music terminology or how to describe this stuff, but hopefully my passion for this music comes through. Certainly passion is what this music has always been about.

Peter Brotzmann Trio- For Adolphe Sax (Unheard Music Series/FMP)

An important release that helps to fill a large gap in the Brotzmann discography. Essentially Brotzmann's first date as leader, the record is a screaming firebird that set the European jazz scene on its decimated earlobes. From the first wails Herr Brotzmann announces his presence with mighty umph. Able support from drummer Sven-Ake Johansson and the always excellent bassist Peter

Kowald, but first and foremost what you hear is the raging tenor and baritone of what was the beginning of one of the most exhilarating musicians to ever live. The reissue, like all of UMS releases, is faithful to the original cover art (this was first pressed and sold by Brotzmann himself) and includes great old pix of the boys playing at art galleries and what not. There's also a photo of the rubber stamp that he used to press the name of the lp in ink onto the record labels. There's an extra bonus track that features the trio with Fred Van Hove on piano, who would go on to form Brotzmann's legendary trio along with the master jester of the skins,

Han Bennink. (the first Brotz/Van Hove/Bennink lp "Balls" will be re-released by UMS in



twenty days and it's a scorcher too).

Die Like A Dog Quartet - For Aoyama Crows (FMP)

Jump ahead about 31 years and what you have here is Brotzmann in one of two of his current groups. His progression throughout the years is simply amazing. On this record it's evident he has lost none of his ferocity but has also developed a melodic side that is quite moving. We are all the better for it. This is a group effort so let's sing praises to Toshinori Kondo, who had the super idea to play electric fuzz trumpet ala Miles Davis' best fusion period ("Live Evil", "Dark Magus"), adding an awesome fusion tinge to this release. Kondo's trumpet playing really adds another worldliness to the album. William Parker and Hamid Drake round out the rhythm section, which should automatically secure your purchase of the cd tout-desweet. Parker has got to be the most active musician on the planet (I think he was onstage at last years Vision Festival in New York about 95% of the time for the whole ten days!!) yet he seems to have a limitless amount

of musical invention at his beck and call. Drake, well Drake is Drake, a phenomenal free player who adds a world music aspect to it all and powerful backing on percussion. This is the

record to beat this year.

Mike Osborne - Outback (FMR)

This took some time for me to find. Originally released in small amounts on the Turtle label, FMR reissued this on CD about ten years ago only to have it go out of print. They re-issued it again this year. Anyway, I found it on the web, thank god. One of the most sought after free jazz albums of all time, this was worth the wait. Osborne, who tragically succumbed to mental illness years ago, is one of the most original and superb alto players of all time, and certainly one of the best musicians

to come out of England. His sound is capable of long intense wailing passages and great lyrical beauty. This was originally supposed to be a trio date with the incredible rhythm section of Harry Miller and Louis Moholo (if you can find them, the trio did two mind-blowing LPs for Miller's own Ogun label, "All Night Long" and "Border Crossing", both unfortunately out of print) but Mike was a generous guy and invited trumpeter Harry Becket and Pianist Chris McGregor to join in the session. The record is the ultimate example of what a Mike Osborne performance was: high energy playing and lovely melodic phrasing. In a word, indispensable. Grab it, lest it go out of print again! You can get this on the internet from Wayside music distributors.

The Contemporary Jazz Quartet/ Quintet featuring Sunny Murray - Action (Steeplechase)

Phenomenal group playing from Denmark. This 2cd set reissue came out two years ago, but I just happened upon it because it was in the Sunny Murray section down at Amoeba Records on Berkeley. This stuff is totally unique unto itself. I have a hard time describing this music. Similar to the spontaneous music ensemble, it sounds completely improvised and yet totally controlled with an intense purpose and some way out playing. The first disc is a quartet recording with Sunny Murray on drums and this session adds further evidence to the fact that he is simply the finest of jazz drummers. He totally locks into this very personal music. The quintet session is even more astounding, with the group playing



with amplified instruments (including a great fuzz organ), the session has a bit of a psychedelic feel to it! This release is a perfect companion to fellow countryman John Tchicai's Cadentia Nova Danica work. In fact CJQ trumpeter Hugh Steinmetz played and composed on both those Tchicai records. The sound is faithfully transferred to disc and there are reproductions of the original front and back covers in the liner notes, which is always nice since I am a record cover geek. This is one of the finest reissues of the decade.



Patty Waters - College Tour (Get Back!)

Ah yes, another re-issue of another Patty Waters LP is cause for rejoicing! This goes right up there with her "Sings" LP (both of these originally released on the legendary E.S.P. label). This record is even more way out. Patty's voice is really breathy and deep yet she is capable of great range, going from whispers to intense shrieks. Easily the most unique female voice to grace jazz music since Billie Holiday. It is scandalous that there are only three records that have ever been made (a CD of duets with Patty and pianist Jessica Williams called "Love Songs" was released in 1997 but I've yet to hear it). Patty has capable support on "College Tour" from such musicians as flautist Guiseppi Logan and pianist Burton Greene (both of whom cut some fine LPs for E.S.P.) but she could level the studio with her voice alone. The cover art is pretty cool and mysterious like most E.S.P. releases: no writing, and a slightly out of focus picture of Patty with some kind of weird symbol drawn on her head. Patty recently played an under publicized show in San Francisco but I couldn't make it. I'm still kicking myself.

Frank Wright - Church Number Nine (Black Keys)

Recent reissue of The Reverend Frank (Con't next page)

Wright's rarest piece of vinyl, which is saying something since all of his records are pretty sought after. (Get Back Records recently reissued "One For John" on vinyl so pick it up, its a beaut!) This is a recording of his heavy quartet with Noah Howard on alto, Bobby Few on piano, and the great Muhammad Ali (yep, Rashied's brother) on drums. This is essentially one extended blow out separated onto two tracks on the CD. As with most all the Reverend's work, the playing is of the utmost caliber. Wright is one of the most powerful of all the tenors, right up there with Coltrane, Ayler, Sanders, and Brotzmann. Wright, like Coltrane and Ayler, was a very spiritual man, and it comes through in the piece, with Wright essentially yelling out praises and gospel near the end of this behemoth performance. Wright's records are slowly becoming available again. All of his albums are highly recommended. His group Center of the World (with Few, Ali, and the great bassist Alan Silva) has had its entire recorded output reissued on CD on the Fractal label, and it is essential listening. Now hopefully Get Back will reissue "Your Prayer", his second date for E.S.P.

Manfred Schoof - European Echos (UMS/FMP)

The fantastic UMS reissue campaign of the classic FMP albums continues with this monster, the very first album on the FMP roster, and it reads like a Who's-Who of the European Free Jazz Scene. All of these phenomenal musicians basically made up the roster of artists working on FMP throughout the years to even today. In the 60's Manfred Schoof led one of the first European free jazz groups which contained Alexander Von Schlippenbach on piano and percussionist Jacky Liebeck (later to become the drummer in the excellent kraut rock band Can). Basically through various meetings with other groups of the time, an orchestra formed for this 1969 date. The line up is astounding: Brotzmann, Bennink, Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, Hugh Steinmetz, Buschi Niebergall, Fred Van Hove,

Irene Schweizer, etc etc etc after motherfukin etc. Not only are there three saxes, but three bassists, THREE pianists, and THREE drummers!! Trombones and guitar too! These releases, along with Schlippenbach's Globe Unity albums, are the masterworks of the large group European free jazz experience. This reissue sports the original cover, which was a little more psychedelic looking than the later issues of the LP which had more blocky graphics.

Alexander Von Schlippenbach - The Living Music (UMS/FMP)

Another phenomenal large group setting, this release is similar to the Schoof session, in that most of the players from that fantastic session play here as well. This one is a little more structured with actual "compositions" if you will. This was one of Schlippenbach's first big group sessions. He'd later expand the roster and call it the Globe Unity Orchestra. The lineup has changed throughout the years with a few mainstays (such as sax master Evan Parker and the fine drummer Paul Lovens, both members of the smaller Schlippenbach Trio) and always has contained the best players from all over the world, from Toshinori Kondo to Alan Silva to Steve Lacy to Albert Mangelsdorff. There is superior solo work here from both Schoof and the Master Peter Brotzmann, and both also contribute very fine pieces to this set. Schlippenbach's music is hard to describe and all at once recognizable as his own. It's usually characterized by short bursts of energy and squeaky scratching caterwauling through the music. Like "For Adolphe Sax" this was originally pressed and sold by Schlippenbach himself on his own Quasar label.

So there you go. You can find this stuff easily in the bay area or on the internet. If you have any interest in free and spontaneous music, give this stuff a go. It is essential listening.

Also you can check my show out on KDVS on Sunday afternoons from 1-4 pm. Take care, and fuck the "war."

HIP HOP NOTHING\$



BY SAMMY TOYON

SO, YET ANOTHER YEAR HAS ELAPSED IN THE WORLD OF UNIVERSITY LIFE AND I'M STILL AROUND. AND Y'ALL THOUGHT I WAS OUTTA HERE... SORRY TO DISAPPOINT. NOT MUCH TO REPORT THIS QUARTER, ALTHOUGH I WOULD LIKE TO WELCOME ALL 'SHMENS TO THE FOLD. IN BETWEEN BITCHING ABOUT DAVIS, GETTING OFF YOUR DORM'S FIRE ALARM, CHASING YOUNG BOOTY BEFORE THE "FRESHMAN 15" SETS IN, AND TRYING DESPERATELY TO FIND ESCAPIEM IN THE VALLEY, I ENCOURAGE YOU TO CHECK OUT KDVS HIP-HOP SHOWS. WE HOLD IT DOWN HERE LIKE NO OTHER IN THE AREA - STRICTLY THE BEST IN NON COMMERCIAL BEATS TO MASSAGE YOUR EARDRUMS. NEVER LIKED HIP-HOP BEFORE? WE'RE THE ANTIDOTE. ONE THING, THOUGH: PLEASE DON'T CALL ME AND WHINE ABOUT HOW YOU WANT TO FREESTYLE ON AIR. YOU'RE PROBABLY WACK, AND IF YOU ARE GOOD, WE'LL NO DOUBT CROSS PATHS IN THE FUTURE ANYWAY. ALSO, IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOME LIVE SHIT, KDVS HIP HOP SHOWS ARE YOUR SOURCE FOR FREE TICKETS TO LOCAL AND BAY AREA SHOWS (IN SAC, TWELVES RECORD STORE MAKES IT HAPPEN AT SCRATCH 8 EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY NIGHT). AND WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T MISS THE 3RD ANNUAL 24 HOUR HIP-HOP MARATHON, COMING IN LATE DEC!

SHOUT OUT TO ALL LOCAL GATS - KEEP BUILDING AND WE'LL BE HERE TO SUPPORT YOU. MUCH RESPECT GOES OUT TO ALL KDVS STAFF WHO SUPPORT US, AND TO THOSE WHO MAY DIS US: THANKS FOR THE INSPIRATION. TIL NEXT SHOW, PEACE.

- SAMMY TOYON, ON BEHALF OF KDVS HIP-HOP DEPARTMENT



REGGAE BOOK REVIEW BY: GARY SAYLIN

BOOK: "People Funny Boy: The Genius of Lee "Scratch" Perry" AUTHOR: David Katz PUBLISHING INFO: Payback Press, c2000

At last, a comprehensive book on one of Jamaican reggae's greatest and wildest producers, Lee "Scratch" Perry. Perry is considered by many the "Who's Who" of the past 50 years of Jamaican ska, rock steady and reggae music. For example, Lee Perry's legendary production of Bob Marley and The Wailers' early reggae recordings (brilliantly captured on "African Herbsman") are considered by most reggae enthusiasts to be some of Marley's best studio recordings.

Thoroughly documented, David Katz's book also offers the reader a deep look into the Jamaican recording scene for the past half century, whereby every major development from this small, yet musically explosive island in the Caribbean are well captured.

People Funny Boy offers wonderful chapters upon the early Studio One days, The Wailers group itself, Perry's own legendary Black Ark studio (which he burned down!) and much more.

This book includes an easy to use Table of Contents, a thorough index (which includes song titles), a select, yet strong discography (year by year), a selective (but strong) bibliography of books, videography and even (get this) radio broadcasts!

Katz's gem also offers a good sampling of rare black and white photos (the shot of Perry's early Upsetters band is a "must see"). A forward (in poem form) by Perry himself along with Katz's own are both wonderful. Katz comes up with what must be the most delightful look into Perry ever written. And for a general overview of Jamaican music itself, this massive 536 page book has to stand along with other grand histories.

By the way, Katz himself is well known in Jamaican music circles. He has published articles in highly respected publications including The Beat and The Rough Guide To Reggae Music. He has annotated CDs for record labels including Island and Heartbeat, not to mention his assistance on musical compilations from highly acclaimed reggae labels including Jet Star and Blood & Fire.

TEN QUALITY (NOT DEFINITIVE) LEE PERRY ALBUMS

(albums he produced. Some include his band. The Upsetters)

1. The Upsetters "Return of Django" (Trojan Records, 1969)
2. Bob Marley & The Wailers "African Herbsman" (Trojan Records, 1972)
3. Junior Byles "Beat Down Babylon" (Trojan Records, 1972)
4. Max Romeo & The Upsetters "War In A Babylon" (Island Records, 1976)
5. The Heptones "Party Time" (Island Records, 1977)
6. Junior Murvin "Police & Thieves" (Island Records, 1977)
7. The Congos "Heart of The Congos" (Black Art, 1977)
8. Various Artists "Reggae Greats: Lee Perry" (Island Records, 1984)
9. Lee "Scratch" Perry "Upsetter In Dub" (Heartbeat Records, 1998)
10. Lee Perry "Baffling Smoke Signal" (Heartbeat Records, 2002)

Janie Venom
scz...

Many of you might think about leaving town soon, and since I do it every chance I get, here are some general traveling tips.

They may seem basic but as you will see, they are actually pretty crucial.

Tip #1: Check your ticket when you buy it.

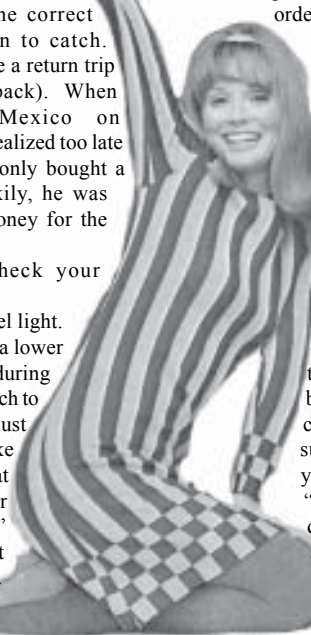
Check to see that all the ticket components are stapled in the correct order if you have a connection to catch. And make sure you have a return trip (if you plan on coming back). When my grandpa Greyhound that he'd recently, he realized too late that he'd one-way accidentally only bought a ticket. Luckily, he was able to return trip soon enough. Check your ticket.

Tip #2: Travel light.

Luggage has a lower chance of the trip if getting lost during there isn't much to begin with.

But if you must carry luggage, make sure it's locked so that your "personal don't come underwearer or massager" at the first chance. However, below, see tip #7.

Tip #3: Pack for the trip.



Any food you buy at the airport/on the train/at the bus station will probably come with a way jacked-up price tag. So bring your own, genius. But if you must transport some of your goodies in a glass jar, try to tie it into a plastic bag before you go, so it won't spill if it breaks. Again, when my grandpa was returning from his trip, he dropped his totebag and was bummed when a jar of pickled chorizo that was in there broke, leaking all the way down the bus. So at the very least, be ready to switch seats so no one pins the blame on you when it happens.

Tip #4: Bring a coloring book.

Okay, so if that's not sophisticated enough for you, bring some connect-the-dots exercises, FancyPants. You'll need something to keep you entertained if your trip is stalled due to a.) your itinerary having been changed due to a "lack of response", b.) someone just shot some pepper spray in the bus you were just on and now it's "airing out", or c.) your train just ran over someone. All of which, mind you, have occurred in my traveling experiences.

Tip #5: Bring some headphones.

They come in handy when the bus driver is listening to pooppy-doo, or when you want to ignore Creepy Acne Dude who's been staring at you for fifteen straight minutes from across the aisle and is suddenly tapping you on the shoulder asking you if you like the game "Truth or Dare". (Admit it, you know as well as I do that humoring this guy would be the equivalent of exclaiming "god, punish me now") So, when this happens, shake your head and put on the walkman (I still think cassettes are superior to CDs). Or

you could pretend you don't speak English, but why waste your breath?

Tip #6: ...Fanny packs are for losers. 'Nuff said.

So, since this is a musical interest publication, let me give you ten of my rock/punk suggestions in no particular order. These are by no means my "top ten" of all time, they just happen to be the last ten things I've mail-ordered from www.gethip.com and they will hopefully arrive any day now. (If they were "in stock" that is; because I know their catalog changes often as they run out of stuff or obtain new releases, but it's a good deal nonetheless.)

* Bulemics- "Can't Keep it Down" 7"

* General Foodz- "Sick of the World" LP

* Lost Sounds- "Black Wave" CD

* Shut Ups- "Haul Off and Smack Your Ass" 7"

* Testors- "Original Punk Recordings NYC 1976-1977" 10"

* Wildbunch- "Danger! High Voltage" 7"

* "Red Snerts" compilation- (Various artists) LP

* Clone Defects- "Blood on Jupiter" CD/LP

* Panics- "1980-1981 Please Panic!" LP

* Richmond Sluts- (self-titled) CD

Happy trails!



From general manager to general manager:

67' gen. manager Mike Blachmann revisits his old hangout
and Paul Schramski misses the whole interview

By Marina Zangeneh-Azam
(aka: miss hotpants)

Ahh, another day, another summer afternoon at the ol' estacion del KDVS. It all started with a publicity department email in my inbox. I figured it was just another "t-shirt/bumper sticker" request or a virus (been getting a helluva lot of those lately.. grrr). Sure enough, it was a t-shirt request, only it read something like this:

"h i I was wondering what sizes and colors your t-shirts come in.
oh, by the way, I used to be the station manager back in 1967.
Have a nice day, bye."

Zoinks ! Crazy I figured, i gotta reply and try to snag an interview or somerthng for the upcoming program guide. So I wrote back with the pertinent t-shirt information (cough cough—only 12 bucks—ahem ahem.. er, ..lots of pretty colors, uh - you should buy one too.- cough wheeze..) AND a humble request for an interview. I honestly didn't expect much thinking he's got bigger fish to fry but was totally excited to hear back with a hearty "hell yeah!" So it was on. Naturally, fantastic settings and exotic photo shoots started flooding my head "Hmm, Funderland? The Nut Tree? Better yet – the Wooz. Yeah. 'The Human Maze' would be perfect for this historic meeting."

Unfortunately the majority of my scouted locations were no longer in operation, so I figured Hot Dog on a Stick would be as good a place than any. A lot of it had to do with my love of the uniforms. Primarily the groovy hats. So, basically, it was JUST ME that wanted to go to Hot Dog On A Stick for the interview. But I threw it Paul's way (the general manager here) and he gave it the "OK". I apprehensively threw it Mike's way and he actually said, "sure! Sounds fun." This was gonna be great. We were to meet at the station on Sunday at 2pm. Paul was to meet us there, we were to give Mike Blachmann a tour of the station and then it was off for corn dogs, important questions and multicolored hats. This was going to be an important day so to make sure all would go well, I called Paul the night before to remind him of our precious appointment with Mr. Blachmann. After all, he was driving all the way from

Marysville and the least we could do was to be cordially on time and ready for the meeting.
Uh, yeah....

So Sunday 2pm rolled around. Actually it was 1:55 and I was – remarkably – a few minutes early. None of the scheduled parties had arrived so I doodled around and started checking my email. A few minutes later, on-air DJ Chad gives me a message that Mike and his daughter were running a bit late, stuck in traffic, but would be arriving shortly. No worries. Paul wasn't there yet either.

About 20 minutes later I hear a knock on the door. Aha! It's Mike and his daughter. I let them in, introduce myself, blah blah, the usual. But hmm.. no Paul yet.

?
Marina's head: "Ahh, I'm sure he's on his way. After all, I DID actually speak to him last night about it. But uh.. maybe I should give them the station tour and by the time I'm done he'll be here for the interview..."

So the tour began. From the record stacks to the engineering room down the hall, they got the extended version of the classic KDVS parade. Thankfully, Mike had a fun time reminiscing and pointing out old equipment he used back in the day. Which to me is funny.
That we still have that stuff.

Anyways,
The tour was over and still no Paul. It was about 2:45 now, and I needed more things to show them. So I brought out the sacred shoebox of random KDVS photos dating from 30+ years ago. He recognized a bunch of the older ones and recalled some funny stories and helped point out the 'who's who' of KDVS' embryonic years. Soon Mike was down to the last couple of weathered black and white photos and I wasn't sure what to do next.

3:05pm.
Marina's head: "Crap. I didn't bring interview questions! I didn't even bring a tape recorder or a reel to reel. I'm not the GM! This article was strictly to be called "From GM to GM" but how can that be anymore?!? Who wants to read "from Publicity Director to GM? Urrghh.. What about Hot Dog On A Stick? Should I just go and maybe Paul will meet us there..?? But I can't do

the interview alone.. Where is that \$#!& Paul.. I'm gonna kill him."

Then I realized that I shouldn't be so angry at Paul cuz what if he was dead or something..? Then I'd feel really sooper bad for acting so selfishly. I figured I should let the malicious feelings subside and just do what any self-respecting Russian spy circa 1958 would do in this situation; Attempt to conduct the interview alone and transcribe the whole thing via pen and paper. Ah yes. Hah.

"So mister Blachmann. Tell me, please, about your young carefree days and the precious spark in your heart that so ignited your love for this humble station know as KDVS," asked in my most professional voice.

"Well Marina. Let me first tell you It was just a blast. Such good times. First of all, we had to pick the call letter for the station. It used to be called UCD but that was when we were back in the dorms. There was a group of us seated at a table and we just started throwing out all kinds of ideas; KAGY, KUCD, KAGI, KDAV..."

(pant pant) (scribble scribble) "a b-l-a-s-t. F-i-r-s-t o-f a-l-e (scratch scratch, erase erase) a-l-l-e (erase, erase, tear, crumple) A-L-L..."
(pant pant, sweat sweat)

Yeah, this was going nowhere. He had been talking for 15 minutes and I had one sentence written down.

Marina's head: "what to do Marnie! This isn't working!! Think! Think! They drove a long way to be here, its 3:20, Paul still isn't here and you gotta do something fast. I think they're throwing you the stink eye. You gotta do something."

So after some really really dumb ideas I decided to record the interview on some caca tapes in Studio A. Lucky for me, the Radio Theater troupe was setting up in there and were going to record a play in about 20 minutes. It was all I had so we went right to it.

Oh hey, did I already mention to you that Paul wasn't here yet..? Yeah. He wasn't.

And oh, and it was like - - you know .
3 : 4 5 . No worries.

Anyways, I popped in a tape, asked Mike about his early days at KDVS and 20 minutes later, it was all over. Luckily, the interview went pretty well though I couldn't play back the tape to actually know for sure cuz of course some button wasn't working and blah blah.. hell if I knew if anything recorded, but yah, ok, it did. Now the interview was over.

It was about 4 pm.

The tour was over.

Still no Paul.

Browsing through the record stacks was over. There was no stone left uncovered and nothing left to do.

"Marina... What do you do now? Do you go to Hot Dog On A Stick or what? ACK! Do they even wanna go..?? Probably not. It's a dumb idea anyways. Mike was surely just being nice when he said "it was a good idea." It's not a good idea. I'm not gonna get a hat anyways. The interview is done and so what - we drive all the way to Sacramento in this heat to eat a retard-corn dog? Jeeeeeezus. I am going to KILLLLLLL Paul."

And then again, the little Marnie on my right shoulder reminded me that he could be stuck in quicksand or stuffed up a drain-pipe for all I knew and it was mighty rude of me to think such bad things about someone who's been left for dead. I mean, all he wanted to do was get to the interview on time but somewhere along the way, a terrible mishap occurred and though his spirit could've carried him out of the situation, alas, his poor weak heart was no match for the forces of Mother Nature. And here I am selfishly ranting about him being but a few hours late for a monumental interview when he's been run over by a U-Haul truck outside of the UC Davis parking garage.

"Marina, where are your manners...? Tsk, tsk, tsk."

But right as the awkward "what now?" silence started to set in between Mike, his daughter Sarah and I everything was shattered as a

disheveled, ALIVE Paul bust through the door. "WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU, YOU DUMBASS?!?!?!?" I thought.

But I kept my mouth shut and gave him the cocked-head, and one-arched-eyebrow-"mm-hmm? Where were you?"-look.

But it didn't really matter. The kid was sweaty,

out of breath, dusty and his once-neat tie hung sadly around his neck. I'd get the story later but for you folks out there, long story short; his car broke down and he had to change some fluids or the dezsmogilator, or something then take some part off,



replace it at the auto parts store, put it back on, then his car overheated in Folsom and I don't even remember what else, but he truly tried to get there as soon as he could. The hi-tech voice recorder and Hot Dog On A Stick-pertinent questions were valid proof that this was no ruse and poor Paul just missed the whole interview.



Hmm, now what?

Well, before we could even start to formulate a plan, Mike had found something in the 45's stacks.

"Ohmigod! I've been looking for this 45 forever!! Look! It's even got my initials on it! I remember buying this for the station back in 67 and man, I've looked EVERYWHERE for it.. Oh man.. I'm taking this with me, don't care whatcha guys say. Yay!"

Marina: "???"

Paul: "???"

Uh, I wasn't sure if I heard correctly, but it seemed to me that he said he was taking that 7-inch home with him.

Wait - Was Mike Blachman, esteemed gentlemen, father, radio personality, expert car salesman and KDVS figurehead TRYING TO JACK KDVS PROPERTY?!

Paul: uh.. ooooookay.. um, ahem, yeah..er.,

Marina: Uh.. yeah.. oh, uh.. well,

Mike: look; see my initials? So technically its mine. It's not like anyone's gonna listen to it.

Sure, he coulda been right. But hell. I knew that as soon as he'd take the 45 the day would come that Punk Roge would be looking for the Cascade's 7-inch of "Truly Julie Blues" and not being able to find it, would knock all the shelves over in uncontrollable rage.

"Uh, how bout we burn you a copy and send it to you instead...??"

Mike: Oh yeah! Haha, I forgot; I don't even have a record player. That'd be great! Man, I'm so glad I found this baby..

PHEW.

Disaster averted. And who can blame the guy; finding that 45 was like reuniting with some old flame; the one you never stopped loving but had to leave behind cuz he/she thought pursuing an acting career in Bombay was more important than that "true love" bullshit.

SUCH IS KDVS!

Huzzah. What other station do YOU know of that keeps a measly little 7-inch in its music library from 35 years past?

Anyways, we finally decide that these fine citizens need a little 'local flavor.' Well, actually it was 145 degrees outside and driving to Sacramento for a corn dog or two was not really the best of ideas, (sniff sniff) so we thought, "ah-ha!! Tapioca balls!"

Thus, our adventure continued to Tapioca Express: Home of the 'Dance Dance Revolution' machine and the world famous 'Lemon Snow Bubble.'

I went ahead and bought some "fried calamari" that came in a small paper bag with 4 skewers sticking out of it. I figured if ANYTHING was gonna break the ice, it'd be squid on a stick. So I passed the bag of delicate fried-appendages



around to our guests. Mike had a couple and really liked em. Paul and Sarah had to pass. Psshhh.. woosies. I thought they were good. Spearing them with the provided skewer was fun.

We got them a couple of tapioca drinks as well. Mike and Sarah seemed nervous at first. They weren't sure how to receive the tapioca balls but we assured them that after the first couple, they'd get used to it. Sure enough, their guard soon gave way to acceptance; acceptance of those sweet slimy orbs and acceptance that well, we're a kookie bunch of kids that love the ol' KDVS. Surely this reassuring notion must've made Mike feel good inside. After comparing his radio station stories to ours, I figured that some things just never change.

Now here's some of what Mike had to say that insane Sunday afternoon. Enjoy!

MIKE ON MEETINGS AND TIES.

Mike Blachmann (1967 KDVS Manager): To start it all off, before I came to Davis, I was somewhat interested in radio. So, you know. I got to school here as a freshman. A copy of the Aggie came out and there was a little article down on the corner on page 4, something that said "organizational meeting, KCD radio." It said to come down if you were interested in becoming a DJ or an engineer or something. So I got there 30 minutes early with a coat and tie. That's how excited I was.

MIKE ON PROGRAMMING AND LAUNDRY ROOM DANCE PARTIES.

The programming the first year I worked here was "music to study by." It was all we could

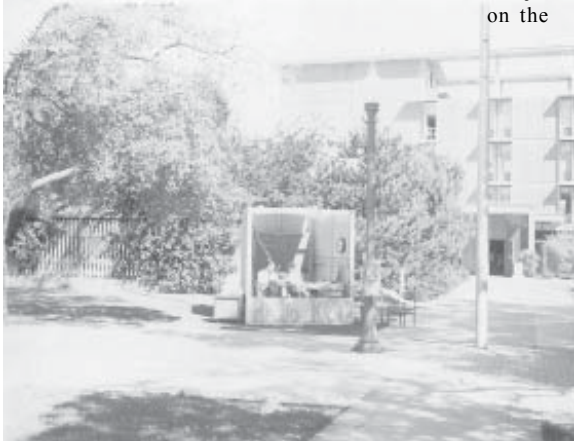


play. Mantovani, Percy Faith real soft rock, instrumental stuff. And (later) there was some block programming in the afternoon where you could play international stuff and folk, that sort of thing, but no rock and roll was allowed.

I don't know why. These were students dictating to students. There was no faculty or administration control. It was a self-operated ASUCD function. That's what they told us. Oh yeah... We had meetings and were told, "Music to study" by. It traveled by carrier current into the dorms. You could hear us on a radio or something sitting near an electrical item in the dorm. 60 watts was our signal strength. I remember the transmitter had a light bulb plugged into it and it would pulse with the music. The light bulb was actually there to keep it from being too powerful and a lot of the signal burned up in the resistance of the bulb. Otherwise it might actually get out a few hundred feet from the dorm or something...

Then in the spring of '65 things started to break down. We were sneaking "soft rock" in the programming and finally the next year there were actual blocks of rock and roll.

I did two shows, the first one was called "The Quiet Girl" which was the softer side of pop music and then the other show was called the "True Mama au Go-Go" where I teamed up with Ken True - later



- and they called me The Mamma which is a name I picked up here in the dorms (I don't even remember why anyway). I was Mama Blachmann and we put it

together and became "The True Mama au Go-Go." We held it in the 'laundry room discothèque' down in the basement of Beckett Hall and people did actually come down a few nights and dance to the music playing on the air. We did a lot of rock and roll and top 40... We did this for a few years. It even moved down to Freeborn hall with me.

MIKE ON COMMERCIAL RADIO AND THE CRAZY SIXTIES

There was a split going on in commercial radio at the time in top 40 radio - where you could hear the Rolling Stones followed by Frank Sinatra followed by the Singing Nun; top 40 played whatever was popular. It didn't hang together very well.

It was whatever sold. There was a more serious and less hyped version we called "underground radio" popping up. Later it was called "album oriented rock" but stations such as KSNB became real centers for that counterculture. KZAP in Sacramento might be well-known to many people around here. I think they went on the air in 67 or 68. I worked at the station before it was KZAP. It was my first professional job in radio. Programming wise by 1967, we had gone through periods where we tried to get everyone to play the same thing but you couldn't do it in a situation like this. It was unfettered freedom and it was kinda neat. And it was also just an incredibly intense time, 1967, 68, 69. The country was tearing itself apart.

MIKE ON MUSIC AND BAD GRADES

Music was neat then. It just changed abruptly. 1964: I had just gotten out of high school and there was the British invasion, and Motown was super then and folk rock and Dylan and the Byrds - I mean it was just an incredible time for music. I guess its the prejudice of my age and is probably true of everyone about the time they're in high school and college, but I think it was just fabulous that period of time; the growth and the amount of expression that came out and all of the different formants of music and I was just eating it up cuz I wanted to be a DJ and be on the radio and play it all for people. And that was my entire life. Im here at school spending my dad's money... yet spending 40-60 hours a week in the radio station just watching my grades just go down the tubes. almost didn't graduate. Radio got me a career. This was my college. Those units I took upstairs - I did that cuz dad was sending money. It was almost meaningless to me. So that's what KDVS was to me. By the time I was the manager (by the senior year) we had a lot of freeform programs. We basically stated, "you do what you want to do in your timeslot and just keep it clean." This is what UCD was to me; this radio station. KDVS became everything to me.

We trained ourselves. We would go put our noses against the glass of KROY radio and watch the

DJ's do it and then try to duplicate what they were doing and figure out their tricks.

MIKE ON CALL LETTERS AND THE BIRTH OF THE KDVS FEAR FACTOR

I'm really glad KDVS is still here in the same room. It's changed but its still a student operated deal.

... We had to come up with four letter calls cuz that's what all stations had to get. So we all sat in a room around a table and threw out ideas for call letters. The first thing we wanted was KUCD but actually some other station or ship off the coast of Guatemala had those call letter. So we tried KADV, KAGI and KAGY (for 'aggie'), and KDVS just sounded good to most of us. We sent it in, it happened to be available and we got the regents to license us.

They (the regents) were real frightened of this actually. This was political times. There was plenty of turmoil and the station in Berkeley that was pretty radical was owned by the regents too and they didn't like some of the things that were happening in that station. So they were quite concerned about us. The fear was that you could hear us in Sacramento where the governor was and the governor was Regan in those days. It was quite an exciting time, scary time too.

MIKE ON ASSHOLE PAUL SIMON AND THICK ENGLISH ACCENTS

I interviewed Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel. They came to campus for the radio station. My opinion was that Simon was an ass and Garfunkel was a nice guy, I came away with that. But I listen to Simon now.

Anyway, that night of the interview he had a tuning fork in his hand and when you'd ask him a question he'd just fade out on you and bang his tuning fork and listen to it and was really unresponsive. Eric Burdon and the Animals came down and I interviewed them. They played Freeborn. He was a super nice guy and really fun to talk to. Real thick English accent though. I couldn't remember half the things he told me but I remember the interview.



Ripening on the Vines: The Hype Holds Up (Well, Sort Of)

By DUNCAN STRAUSS

To effectively examine The Vines phenomenon—including the magic carpet ride of Hype they've swooped in on—I guess you don't *have* to be an enormously discerning, experienced (OK, old) and sometimes-cynical rock fan, but it sure helps.

Hell, a lot of folks otherwise pretty plugged into new bands emerging on the rock scene—indie or otherwise—could certainly be excused for scratching their heads and asking “Who are these guys?” and, even more quizzically, “How did they get so far, so fast?”

If The Vines (singer-songwriter-guitarist Craig Nicholls, bassist-singer Patrick Matthews, drummer Hamish Rosser, guitarist Ryan Griffiths) were a new car, the advertisement would no doubt emphasize their astonishing acceleration, something along the lines of “step on the gas, and the new Vines Hypester Coupe soars from zero to 60 in *one second!*”

OK, I know, that's unlikely, even for a claim in a car ad. Still, seemingly from nowhere, The Vines have managed to zoom to such an insanely fast start, that the situation is itself a bit preposterous.

Just how fast?

Well, for example, the Australian band released their disc, *Highly Evolved* in the States on July 16, and it immediately *entered* the Billboard Album chart at Number 11 (and the UK Top 40 album chart at Number 3).

Did I mention that *Highly Evolved* is the Vines' debut disc?

And, for another example, right on the heels of the album's release, they launched an American concert tour, playing hefty-sized clubs like an 800-seat venue in Philly four days after the record came out, and a 700-seater in Atlanta three days after that. Moreover, according to *Pollstar*, the bible of the concert industry, those shows were completely sold out.

Did I mention this was the Vines' first real U.S. tour?



It probably goes without saying that most new bands, touring the country for the first time, behind their first record, typically play 100-300 seat clubs, and often the audiences number in the low-to-mid two figures. As a measure of just how dramatically

The Vines' situation clashes with the norm, they sold-out the 1100-capacity Metro in Chicago, a date they played three days before *Highly Evolved* was released! You can't help but wonder how so many people knew of the Vines at all, much less so quickly and in such large numbers that instantly yielded such over-the-top stats on album sales and concert tickets.

That's pretty weird, and it certainly begs the question: How do we account for these seemingly inexplicable accomplishments? More to the point, is their precocious, preternatural success simply the product of Veritable Vines Virtues, or do we really need to point to Heaping Hills Of Hype?

Uh, upon close inspection, the answer really seems to boil down to...yes.

This is a good little band that's made a good little record, and whatever *Highly Evolved*'s shortcomings—and there definitely are some—they are probably more than offset by its considerable strengths, not to mention the way this CD positively bristles



with promise. We'll come back to the disc in a moment.

As a live act, the Vines are feisty and compelling, if a touch uneven and, at this point, all too predictably unpredictable. We'll come back to that, too, in a sec, but let's keep blasting through elements that might account for the phenomenon of The Vines' turbo-charged, hit-the-ground-running success.

On at least a word-of-mouth level, extending back to April—so, notably, the better part of three months before the release of *Highly Evolved* and the start of the U.S. tour—the band did perform at the Coachella Valley Music And Arts Festival, a gigantic collection of wildly-diverse acts in Indio, California and attended by all sorts of journalists, critics, radio types and other tastemakers.

Earlier still, though probably on an even more tenuous level, The Vines may have crept into certain rock fans' awareness when they were included on the *I Am Sam* soundtrack, released in January. Featuring “music from and inspired by the motion picture” (in other words, as with most film soundtracks these days, some of the music ain't in the film), this collection of Beatles covers features The Vines doing a gorgeous and rather faithful version of “I'm Only Sleeping”—and rubbing shoulders on the *Sam* CD with artists a good deal more established, including Eddie Vedder, Sheryl Crow, The Black Crowes, Paul Westerberg and Nick Cave.

A more tangible and substantial factor, especially for its ripple effect, appears to be the way the U.K.

music press went absolutely bonkers for The Vines. The venerable *New Musical Express*, in particular seemed to enthuse early and often, naming the band's first single, “Factory” Single Of The Week immediately upon its release last year, weighing in with an over-the-top rave of *Highly Evolved* that included phrases like “a perfect synthesis of the Beatles and Nirvana,” and in a subsequent piece reiterated “We're not joking. This is a record you must own.”

And where that sort of relentless journalistic gushing would often prompt other scribes to come gunning for The Vines (and/or *NME*), this time their Brit-crit brethren agreed to a huge, in some cases near-verbatim degree—the thumbs-up in *The Guardian*, for instance, included this sentence: “By taking elements of the Beatles and Nirvana, they have come up with a sound that's charming in its tenderness and disarming in its energy.”

These are but mere examples of the fabled Vines Hype, both recent and from last year. And this brings us to a central point in our quest to understand Vinesmania: Generally speaking, in the pop music world, hype often begets hype, and especially so if the band in question is any good. Allowing for the subjectivity of critics, radio programmers, fans and others—or even their own inconsistency on record and live—the Vines are definitely the Real McCoy, a band that has the goods and often knows how to deliver 'em.

So the Hype of 2001 drew all kinds of people into the fold, and when those people liked what they saw and heard, it totally worked in the band's favor. As 2001 gave way to 2002, they got more press, they got signed to Capitol Records and MTV2 shoehorned them into its 622 Artists 2 Watch in 2002.

Did I mention that, at this point, the Vines didn't have a video? (They promptly corrected that problem, with a clip of its first U.S. single, “Get Free”—directed, no less, by Roman Coppola. MTV2 then played it approximately a thousand times a day, and MTV later aired a Vines special taped at the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame.)

So this stuff—the Hype, the “Factory” single, Coachella, the *I Am Sam* soundtrack, Capitol's enthusiasm and machinery, MTV's support, etc.—formed the backdrop against which *Highly Evolved* and “Get Free” were released. That's good thinking, good strategy and good luck. What's very good thinking was the decision to discount the cost of *Evolved*. I paid eight bucks, and I believe at Best Buy you could get it for six.

What's also good luck, somewhat independently and fortuitously, is that part of the rock 'n' roll landscape has shifted—in The Vines direction. Pop music is nothing if not cyclical and part of its energy is derived from the endless string of trends that steadily rotate through that world.

A handful of 60s/70s-influenced, no-frills bands were starting to make some noise—figuratively and literally—on the rock scene, groups like The White Stripes, The Strokes, The Hives and others. Of course, regardless of whatever trends are going on in music at any given moment, fiercely-independent free-form ra-

dio stations like KDVS are always championing fiercely-independent rock bands. But what was notable in this instance is that these and other bands—that reached back to earlier rock eras for inspiration and influences as they issued great garage rock for the new millennium—were actually being embraced by mainstream rock fans, publications and radio stations.

Could it be that the tide was turning against the dreadful dogfood dished out by the likes of Limp Bizkit, Korn, Creed and a zillion other commercially-muscular but artistically-anemic bands you and I could mention?

Well, that might be too much to hope for. But, either way, the arrival of this new brigade of passionate, inspired and inspiring bands gave rock a real shot in the arm. Technically, The White Stripes fall slightly outside this group in that *White Blood Cells* was their third album, not their debut. But Jack White's songwriting and the rich, blistering blues-based rawk on *Cells* might make it the standard-bearer (plus, White produced the debut record by a worthy addition to this brigade, The Von Bondies).

But alongside the slightly more grizzled Stripes, the high-profile newbies spearheading this movement were New York's The Strokes—proudly wearing their Lou Reed/Velvet Underground influences on their sleeves—and Sweden's The Hives, who crank out a rawer, more swaggering early Stones/Stooges form of garage rock. (Their *Veni Vidi Vicious* wasn't actually their debut album, but was effectively received that way in America.)

Now, there was first-rate, gen-u-ine new rock available on major labels (others of that major-label ilk include—or will include—Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, The Yeah Yeah Yeahs, and two bands that rose from the ashes of At The Drive In's fiery implosion: Sparta and The Mars Volta), being covered not just in music publications but regular ol' newspapers and magazines, and played on commercial radio.

So, with all this going on, it's hard to imagine that The Vines could've dropped *Highly Evolved* at a more ideal time. Again, it's a very good record. Not great, certainly. It's too uneven for that, but part of that unevenness can be attributed to Craig Nicholls' songwriting range and ambition: there are a fistful of ballads here—most quite good—"Factory" rides a loping ska rhythm and there are full-tilt rockers like "Get Free", and "Outtathaway."

As a tunesmith, he occasionally overreaches, but he's got such a versatile voice (he can sweetly croon or he can screech like there's no tomorrow—or hit any vocal spot in between) that you hardly notice. And there's arguably a huge plus to his songwriting spottness/range: As a writer, he already has far more colors in his palette than, say, The Strokes' Julian Casablanca or The Hives' Randy Fitzsimmons and, as such, probably stands the best chance within an album or two of turning out a true masterpiece.

When The Vines perform live, their unevenness can be magnified, especially because, right now, Nicholls is an inconsistent performer, apparently all-too-eager to act on assorted whims and ironic impulses.

And because, for all intents and purposes, Nicholls is The Vines—he writes all the songs, he's the lead singer on all of them, he plays nearly all the guitar (Griffiths is only onstage during the ballads, strumming an acoustic), he's clearly the frontman and center of attention; hell, he even did the *Evolved* cover painting—so, when it comes to concerts, as Nicholls goes, so goes The Vines.

Generally, that's a good thing because he's charismatic and dynamic, singing with urgency and conviction whether it's the pleading or pained howl of a barreling rocker or softly caressing the contours of the ballads. And even when he's not outstanding, he's always convincing; he was probably born around '78, but playing that music and using that voice, when he sings "It's 1969 in my head," you believe him. In fact, after seeing them two Fridays in a row, (and spending a lot of time with *Evolved*) the concern about the Hype disappeared—these guys measure up. They're good.

And as strong as most of the material is, one song that adds another interesting dimension to the live Vines is their acoustic, slow cover of Outkast's "Miss Jackson," with Nicholls' reading transforming it into an even darker confession. Impressive.

Now if we can just get Nicholls to re-think his occasionally misguided attempt at portraying the "spontaneous," rebellious rocker. For instance, Craig, if you think it's a clichéd ritual to play an encore, just finish the set and then don't come back—destroying the drum kit with your guitar on the last song so there can't be an encore is itself a clichéd ritual. Speaking of which, Craig, that desire to be unpredictable is a touch predictable—not to mention immensely counter-productive. You guys were really good at the two shows I caught, but when you were on *Letterman* a few nights later, you blew chunks. Kind of a squandered opportunity, dude—you guys sounded awful, you sang like crap and you capped it off by scattering the drum kit there?

Oh, please, Craig. Get over your bad self.

But let's hope and assume that fiasco was—or is becoming—a Vines anomaly. If they don't sabotage this next phase, The Vines' future looks blindingly bright. Seeing as they are a fine band with a ton of potential, they'll probably be even better served by our "hype begets hype, especially if you're good" axiom.

So much so that by the time this issue of *KDVIationS* hits the streets, here are some things a betting man would wager will happen for The Vines, or already did: The new single/video "Outtathaway" will do well and boost *Highly Evolved* back up the charts. They'll land on the cover of *Rolling Stone* or, less likely, *Spin*. They may also make it onto the cover of *Entertainment Weekly*. They'll surely be booked on *Saturday Night Live*. They'll do another U.S. tour before the end of 2002, but in 1500-2000-seat venues, and if they package themselves with a comparable act (like the White Stripes and the Strokes have done), they'll of course be playing even bigger places. At least one filmmaker will put a Vines tune prominently in a major movie. Heck, maybe a filmmaker will put Nicholls in a movie.

So maybe not every single one of these things will happen, but it's a pretty safe bet that many of them will. At this point, with everything that's already happened this fast, and the way they've largely held up to the Hype—would you really want to bet against The Vines?

Me neither.

Strauss can be contacted via www.straussmcgarr.com

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60s Rock Compilation Remix



by Megan

V/A – Downbeat CD

This collection is comprised of 25 rare '60s independent Dutch singles that were made in very limited quantities and were generally sold or given away in the immediate vicinity of the band. Many of these were recently reissued but are still quite pricey, so this comp is a more affordable alternative. A sizeable booklet gives details on all the recordings, including lineups, discographies and plenty of photos. Many tracks are quite primitive in quality but when you're talking about something this ephemeral, who am I to complain? Musically this comp delivers something for everyone. For fuzz guitar addicts there's the frantic "Down and Out" by 4PK; the down and dirty blues of the Inn-Sect's "Let Me Tell You About The Things I Need;" a version of "I Can Only Give You Everything" by the Fab even rawer and snottier than Them (Who woulda thought it possible?); or the Rhythms' "Everytime," which builds to a fever pitch with increasingly desperate vocals and succumbs to a wall of distortion. For R&B fans there's United Five's "Go Go Mojo," a tight little Diddley-esque groover with some nice harmonica/guitar interplay; or Lazy Bones' peppy-organ-and-jangly-guitar-laden cover of Wilson Pickett's "I'm Drifitin'." If your bag is moody pop there's the Sparklings' "Now It's Your Turn To Cry," featuring pained vocals over an increasingly insistent organ; the gentle mix of melancholy harmonies, organ and Byrds-y guitar of the Peps' "Foolish Day;" or the catchy harmonies and more interesting than usual drumming of "But Tomorrow" by the Honest



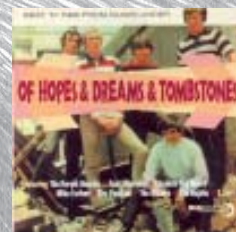
V/A – Hot Generation! CD (Big Beat – www.acerrecords.co.uk)

This collection of '60s Australian R&R is one of the better comps I've heard in a while – at least since the last batch of Big Beat comps, anyway. I sound like a broken record when it comes to their stuff but what can I say – Alec Palao keeps outdoing himself. This is another excellent release with thoughtful, informative liner notes and lots of pictures. I've seen some these tracks scattered about on various other Aussie comps, but this one pulls 'em all together and adds on a bunch of stuff I haven't heard elsewhere. Starting off the comp is the shimmering title track by The Sunsets, who by late '67 had become prog-rock outfit Taman Shud. From there on out it's a big 'ole buffet O'stuff you love. For R&B, we have Tony Worsley & the Fabulous Blue Jays's rough'n ready cover of the Birds' "How Can It Be;" the raw "Naughty Girl" from The Showmen (two of whom went on to join the Missing Links in '66); Toni McCann (backed by the Fabulous Blue Jays) on the too-tough-to-be-only-15-years-old pounder "No;" and The Fabulous Blue Jays themselves with "I'll Make You Cry Too," which has drums reminiscent of big band and rollicking harmonica and maracas a la Q65 or the Pretty Things. Johnny Young's "Good Evening Girl" is a tight little pop number full of hooks and harmonies, with a cool bongo and middle-Eastern guitar break to boot. It sounds every bit like the Easybeats, and for good reason – they wrote it. Steve & the Board turn in the punny "I Call My Woman Hinges," (cause she's to be adored – get it? Yuk Yuk) written by Steve's dad (American transplant Nat Kipner, who was big behind the scenes for a lot of these bands) and a rather Kinks-y tune called "I Want." The Black Diamonds deliver some bright mod-pop on "See The Way" and "Not This Time," which was said to be inspired by the Who's "Substitute," but reminds more of the Zombies. Speaking of, Marty Rhone & the Soul Agents' "Every Minute

of You" is equally Zombies-esque, and Robbie Peters turns in a fantastically frenetic version of "She Does Everything For Me." There's fuzz guitar a-plenty to be found in the likes of Russ Kruger's "Keep Me Satisfied;" Tony Barber's "No More Moanin';" featuring Davie Allan-style buzz saw guitar; and "I'm Gonna Try" by The Purple Hearts, who bought up all the useless guitar amps at a local music shop and slashed them up in different ways for some enviable distortion. As for moody tracks, The Southern Gentlemen's "Leave Myself To Me" offers some thoughtful melancholy a la the Beau Brummels; while echoes of the Animals are heard in Normie Rowe & the Playboys "With Me;" and The Lost Souls "Peace Of Mind" has a catchy yet oddly unsettling atmosphere. As for psych leanings, you can't top The Soul Agents freakbeat gem "I'm Still Mad At You," which features spoken word with lots of attitude atop swirling organ, pounding drums and some cool middle-Eastern guitar licks. A first-rate comp I recommend heartily. V/A – Of Hopes & Dreams & Tombstones CD (Big Beat)



OK, so you've finished listening to Hot Generation and all you can think is, "Gee whiz, I wish there was more!" Well, guess what – here's some more treats from Down Under for ya. As to be expected, the excellent booklet fleshes out much of the history behind this scene, including some interesting tidbits I didn't know about. For instance, many of the biggest members of the Australian scene were not natives but transplants, particularly from Britain. What resulted was a distillation of the hip/mod/beat scene from England and the raw garage edge of the USA. And while there were rivalries



among different Australian cities, (especially Melbourne and Sydney) overall the atmosphere was incredibly proud and supportive of its own. What I find most appealing is the genuine exuberance that permeates this Australian music – it stills sounds fresh and exciting to me. Starting off with a bang we have the title track from The Purple Hearts, who give a nice R&B treatment to this Northern Soul cover. Several bands pay their respects to Bo Diddley; The Others cover "Dancing Girl;" The Pacifics do a Bo-riffic tune called "Lost My Baby," and "No Cheatin'" by Donnie Sutherland & the Titans offers up a Diddley-esque ditty with a twist. Reminding me of the Zombies (I realize that at this point you must think



Men. For something a little more acid-damaged, try the freakbeat of Want Group's "Glory Lovely Girl;" the fantastic combination of minor

everything does) are The Rajahs "Oh!" (which sounds more like "Owl!" to me), and The Morloch's "Every Night," which alternates between whiny ballad verse and rave-up chorus with a 12-string guitar break reminiscent of "I Don't Want To Know." The Mystrys capture that Joe Meek sound on "Witch Girl." The Showmen's "So Far Away" reigns as the lone understated cool-kat track here — it even features a whistling solo! What the Aussies seem to have a real knack for though is finely crafted pop. "Don't Ask Me Why" by Chris Hall & the Torquays is tightly coiled beat perfection with an effortlessly brilliant guitar solo. Mike Furber & the Bowery Boys do one of my favorites here, a cover of "That's When Happiness Began" — just a great upbeat toe-tapper with sing-along harmonies. Tony Barber's "I Want Her To" is a catchy tune about a guy who spent all his time being a "mean little miser" and now that he's rich realizes all he wants is his girl he drove away along time ago. Then along come the Bee Gees. "Complicated Riddle" by Barrington Davis is a punchy little number backed musically and vocally by the Gibb brothers, and they provide backing vocals on Ray Brown & the Whispers' wonderfully dramatic "Too Late To Come Home." I guess all that's left to be said is — surprise — highly recommended.

V/A – Searchin' For Shakes CD (Amigo Musik – www.amigo.se)

This comp featuring Swedish Beat from 1965-1968 originally came out on vinyl as a contemporary of other '80's luminaries as Pebbles & Nuggets and was long out of print before resurfacing on CD, packed with extra tracks this time around. This is definitely one of my favorite beat comps, as it delivers consistently frenzied tunes to keep yer toes a-tappin'. Even the few slower tracks are so heart-wrenchingly sincere they steer way clear of the lame wimpy zone. If anything, many tracks veer off into the psychedelic direction. But first some earlier influences make an appearance. "Big Red Car" by The Bootjacks sounds almost like "beat"-up rockabilly, while The Shakers' "All I Want Is My Baby" veers between a "Leader of the Pack" type narrative and an almost ska-like guitar hook. The Beathovens' "Summer Sun" is a delicate, bittersweet ballad sure to give even the most stoic a tug at the ole heartstrings. "At The Club" by The T-Boones is a terrific "I love you but you don't know I exist" brooder about a "secret love at the club." Then there is The Mascots' "Words Enough To Tell You," so lovely and poignant it could be the Zombies (I know, I know, enough with them already.). Similarly, The Shakemakers' title track "Searchin' For Shake" is a moody little masterpiece in the tradition of "She's Not There." Traces of the Animals are heard in the bluesy "Out My Light" by The Other Side. The Shanes' "I Don't Want Your Love" has



echoes of the Kinks' "I Need You." The weirdest collaboration has got to be that of The Merryman With Boz' "Searchin'," the Boz being none-other than Boz Scaggs! What he was doing in Sweden and how he hooked up with them for this great track is surely more interesting than the story behind, say, "Ledo Shuffle." As always, fuzz guitar makes a regular appearance here. The Nameloseers are multiple offenders, with mean fuzz, handclaps and a rousing chorus of "ah-ooh" on "Do-Ao," an absolutely furry version of "Land of 1000 Dances," and some fierce buzzing on "That's Allright." And for monster fuzz you can't beat "Rotten Rats" by the Fabulous Four. There's also no shortage of adolescent posturing in the finest punk tradition. There's the frenzied jangle of the Cherry Stones' tight'n trebly "Go Away." The Friends' "Bye Bye" sounds like a locomotive speeding through the black night with a crazed engineer at the helm. They also do the perfectly punk "Empty Handed," with its increasingly frantic buildup to the chorus and snotty, unintelligible lyrics. "On My Way" by The Lee Kings contains the classic "I've been around the world / I've been with many girls" bravado typical of many of these bands I suspect are exaggerating quite a bit on both counts. Kind of like The Best with their cool, swaggering cover of "Back Door Man," or the T-Boones' "King Of The Orient," which is so supremely snotty the singer sounds like Mick Jagger with a head cold. My favorite though is The Bootjacks' "The Circle," a great "I'm Not Like Everybody Else" style rant in which I could swear I hear, "Fuck off, will ya!" several times. I suppose it could be "Back off!" but with that accent it's an awfully close call and it's more inspiring to think they actually dared to do the unthinkable back in '66, no? Finally, I would be remiss not to mention one more track. "Dom Kallar Oss Mods" by the Lea Riders Group is a distorto-blues, acid-scat, freakbeat masterpiece that still blows me away every time I hear it, and the sound quality here is much improved over previous comps on which this track has appeared. This is one of the best listens for your money.

V/A – Swiss Beat Generation CD (Jaxx Records – www.jaxx.ch)

Overall I find this comp to be more of a historical reference than a killer listen, but it definitely has some great tracks. The Dynamites started



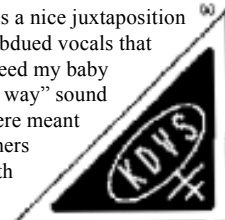
out in '58 as a doo-wop outfit called the Little Robin Band. They wanted to be hipper and more up-to-date though and with an ever-changing roster of band members became the Red Robin Band, the Red Dynamites, and finally the Dynamites. It's hard to believe they never achieved real success, with a repertoire of about 300 hits of the day and some choice originals. "Tell Me Yes Or No" is the perfect little beat number, "Too Late" features cool twangy guitar, a sauntering tempo and elongated harmonies, and "Don't Leave Me Behind" is the essence of the sound the Tell-Tale Hearts were recapturing in the '80's. Unfortunately by '66 the band had a falling-out, with two members leaving to join Les Sauterelles, who also contribute several killer tracks. "I Love How You Love Me" has some great fuzz guitar, while "Janet" — perhaps my favorite song on the comp — has a great thumpy bass-line reminiscent of the Yardbirds' "Lost Woman." They formed at the end of '62 and continuously adapted with the times until calling it quits in 1970, with one member going on to form Krokodil. Apparently they still occasionally get together to perform one-off shows to this day. The Sheapes and The Gentlemen also contribute some decent beat tracks. If you go for the more straight ahead traditional style of beat, this is for you.

V/A – That Driving Beat Vol. 2 CD (Past & Present Records – www.megaworld.co.uk)



This is the first of three comps reviewed this time brought to you in part by Nick Saloman of the Bevis Frond. Rare British freakbeat from '64-'66 is the name of the game on this 28-track collection, which is full of treats. The first highlight I'll mention is The Outlaws' "Shake With Me,"

produced by Joe Meek with a teenaged Richie Blackmore providing the smokin' guitar. The Transatlantics turn in a peppy cover of Paul Revere & the Raiders' "Louie Go Home." Then we have The Jay Jays doing "Baldheaded Woman." Yeah, I know you've heard this song a million times, that's what I sighed to myself as I read the track list. But this poor guy becomes progressively more agitated, until he's shrieking his heart out in a register clearly much higher than what he's used to. Good stuff. The Hi-Numbers' "Heart of Stone" is not a cover, yet totally sounds to me like a less competent Zombies (I'm sorry, I just can't stop thinking of them!). The Redcaps offer up "Funny Things," a straight-ahead R&B stomper that stuck itself firmly in my head. Even catchier is The Classmates' "Pay Day," a cynical little ditty I now find myself humming every Thursday . . . "another week closer to the day I die." Brian Diamond & the Cutters do a super snotty beat raver called "Shake, Shout & Go." The Zephyrs' "She's Lost You" is a snappy organ-driven number about a poor little rich girl who misses her man. A post Walker Brothers Gary Walker does "She Makes Me Feel Better," which features a nice juxtaposition of up-tempo fuzz guitar and subdued vocals that somehow makes lines like "I need my baby every day / once a day / in that way" sound not as dirty as I'm sure they were meant to be. Finally, The Slade Brothers "Peace In My Mind" opens with one of the thickest fuzz bass



lines ever and then goes where you'd least expect – a folky duet – and it works beautifully. Great comp.

V/A – Turkish Delights CD (Grey Past Records –
huiboki@wanadoo.nl)

I can't recall the last time I learned so much while enjoying such a great listen. This fascinating comp fleshes out the history of the Turkish R&R scene of the '60's. It all started around '56 and kicked into gear with the arrival of the Shadows, who dominated until the



Beatles came and changed everything. Some of the social impact felt in English-speaking countries was lost due to the language barrier, but '60's Turkish youth, particularly those in more urban areas, were especially turned on by rock'n roll. Psychedelia started later there than in the US and Europe, but took root for much longer. This CD collects some of the finest

ephemera from those heady days. Decent recording equipment wasn't available in Turkey until the mid-'70's and most artists only released singles, which have since become difficult to find in good condition, if at all. Accordingly, the sound quality is iffy on some of these, but this will become a minor concern when you hear the music. There were several unique aspects I noticed that set Turkish R&R apart from that of America and Europe. The first is the reinterpretation or incorporation of traditional regional folk music. Erkin Koray, the "Father of Turkish Rock" turns in a typically passionate version of a Middle Anatolian folk dance number on "Cicek Dagı." A traditional Black Sea region folk song is given a cool hard-rock treatment by Baris Manco on "Derule," which can also be found on the Asian volume of Love Peace & Poetry. And "Anadolu Oyun Havasi" by Cem Karaca & Apaslar is a rollicking instrumental comprised of several traditional songs. I was also struck by the choice of cover material represented here. Not having any clue as to what it was like being a youngster in Turkey during the '60's, it's interesting to hear what struck their fancies enough to emulate. One of the rarest finds on this comp comes from Izmir Ozel Karsiyaka Lisesi a high school band doing an especially frantic cover of the Yardbirds' "Over Under Sideways Down." Another high school outfit, Istanbul Erkek Liseiei, do "In The Deepings," a cover of the Artwoods' (who knew they were big in Turkey?) "In The Deep End." Mavi Isiklar does a fine version of Paul Revere & the Raiders' "The Great Airplane Strike of 1967," as well as "Ask Cicigi," a cool, native-tongue cover of Turkish favorite Shocking Blue's "Send Me A Postcard." Most interesting of all to me was Selcuk Alagoz' "Saklan Saklanabilirsın," which turns out to be a cover of Israeli band the Cedars' "Hide If You Want to Hide" (see We Can Fly 2). Geographically it makes sense, of course, but it still took me by surprise to hear a cover of what was such an obscure song to me. Finally, I was delighted by how universal was the spread and influence of rock'n roll, apparent in the descriptions of some of the bands. For instance, Beybonlar were a band of youngsters ranging from the tender age of 11 to 18 who won a local contest and got to release "Nenni," a psychedelic instrumental jam (which begins with a baby crying, by the way) as their prize. Way to go, kids! On the older side we have Bunalimlar, "Turkey's most notorious and dirty psychedelic/underground band" with a track called "Tas Var Kopek Yok." These guys apparently went the whole psychedelic nine yards: light shows, drug endorsements, running naked down the street... What a collection of terrific finds this is – highly recommended.

V/A – We Can Fly CD (Past & Present Records)

This 27-track collection of British psyche rarities from 1967-1972 is in the vein of the Rubble/Circus Days/Great British Psychedelic Trip (in fact, some of these tracks previously appeared on these) variety, that is to say, verrrry British. On the gentler side we have The Peep Show's "Mazy," a dreamy little cloud floating through the ether on a

summer afternoon. Then there's "I Lied To Auntie May," a nice slice of Sgt. Pepper-influenced psych from The Neat Change. For those suckers of sitar psyche like myself these's The Fox's "Mr. Carpenter." The ubiquitous Bee Gees even make a songwriting contribution of "Mrs. Gillespie's Refrigerator," a pristine bit of poppy psych by The Sands. There's even a fine contribution from The Smoke called "That's What I Want" from '72, which although is more hard rock than their earlier singles, is still dunked in their immediately recognizable tremolo fuzz (you know exactly what I mean if you've ever heard "My Friend Jack") and some vocal phasing. There's something irresistibly charming about lyrics like "a man with a sports car wins every time/takes out the girl that once was mine," which can be found in "Looking Glass Alice" by The Bunch. There's a nice freak-out guitar break in the organ-driven "Frederick Jordan" by The Glass Menagerie. A rockin', fuzz-drenched cover of the Billie Davis tune "Tell Her" from Ireland's The Movement features a guitar break courtesy of Jimmy Page. Orange Machine, another one of the few Irish psych bands that I can think of, turn in a killer version of Tomorrow's "Real Life Permanent Dream." Finally, for sheer heaviness you can't beat Mickey Finn's "Garden of My Mind," a throbbing rocker that reminds me very much of "Purple Haze."

V/A – We Can Fly 2 CD (Past & Present Records)

This 22-track collection of psych rarities from 1966-1971 kicks off with a track that seems to speak volumes about its compiler. The Shy Limbs' "Trick or Two" sounds so much like the Bevis Frond I'm surprised at this track's appearance, especially as a kick-off to this comp. It's refreshing to see an artist embrace rather than deny their influences. A worldlier variety of sounds dominate this volume, particularly in the blending of East & West. From Lebanon we have The Cedars with "Hide If You Want to Hide," a great blend of beat, psych and traditional Middle Eastern music. Blonde on Blonde's "All Day & All Night" blends Middle-Eastern influenced guitar riffs and percussion with bright, soaring psych. And there's a definite Middle Eastern lilt to "Cave of Clear Light," a great psych gem from The Bystanders, a Welsh band that eventually became prog-rockers Man. Taking a more American approach are The Montanas with what is most likely a cash-in or in-joke at the longhairs expense. "Difference of Opinion" features a decent Dylan imitation vocal, some cool baroque harpsichord and dopey flower-power lyrics, not to mention an out of control fuzz guitar solo. Brainbox gives us "The First Days," a big steaming slab of psych-o-delic guitar freakout, and The Nite People's "Love, Love, Love, Love, Love" is an equally fuzzed out piece of psych. "Stoned Out Of It" is a downright funky little chunk of psych from John Fitch & Associates, one of the most un-rock'n roll names ever – it sounds like it should be preceded by "The Lawfirm Of..." Not that the British sound is lacking, mind you. With lyrics like, "If a smile's on his face/It must be in distaste," The Julian Kirsch's "Clever Little Man" is oh-so-English baroque-psyche with some classical piano thrown in for good measure. Sounding very much like "Pictures of Matchstick Men"-era Status Quo, with lots of phasing and wah-wah is the West Coast Consortium's "Colour Sargeant Lillywhite." Could that song title alone be more English? And Danish band the Tages's "Fuzzy Patterns" is a catchy little psych piece with a "Revolution No. 9" type interlude. Finally, The Petards throw a little bit of everything into the pot on "Tartarex," an intriguing blend of taut beat and psych, with a spoken-word interlude and intermittent strings – it's an impeccably produced masterpiece from this German band.



A PUNK & NEW-WAVE DISCOGRAPHY OF EP'S:

BY: RICK ELE

(1976-1986, A-B)

Accelerators (Mutha, '84) Cool raw garagey melodic NJ HC heavily influenced by the **Ramones**; "She's So Fine" belongs on the radio between **Bum** and the **New Bomb Turks**.



Acid Drops (Greasy Pop, '84) Aussie rock'n'roll; sounds like late-era **Scientists** but with a female vocalist, but not as crushing as you might expect based on that comparison.

Afraid of Mice (Charisma, '82) Powerpoppy synth-wave taking cues from **Devo**; "Transparents" is funny and catchy, but side B a shame.

Agent 86 (Arcatones, '85) Raw thrashy "Master Tapes"-style HC from Arcata(!) seeking to destroy Ronald Reagan and blind patriotism.

Alberto y Los Trios Paranoias "Snuff Rock" EP (Stiff, '77) Heavily accented Britpunk misanthropy that sounds like **FU2-meets-Chosen Few**; all songs are suicide-obsessed, two are fast 'n' mean, one is slow'n'dumb, and the other is forgettable; great record overall.

Alcoholics (Overindulged, '80) Great "Killed By Death"-style 5-song punk EP from L.A. with "Kids In My Neighborhood," a humorous song disapproving of drug-addicted juvenile delinquents.

Almost Bros. (Rat Race, '82) "Saxophone" is a great goofy powerpop song with ridiculous sax squalls, but the other three songs are forgettable pop-rock; very little band info.

Algebra Suicide (Buzzerama, '82) Artsy new-wave consisting of one woman's humorous and sometimes kinky poetry readings over rudimentary drumbox, cheap synth, and **Cabaret Voltaire**-esque "tiny guitars;" segue between **Culturecide** and **Ypants**.

Algebra Mothers (Aftertaste/IDBI, '79) Awesome new-wave from Michigan with cool farfisa sounds and manic rhythms and melodies; they must have made a big impression on the **Piranhas**.



Allen, Jo & the Shapes (415, '80) Wimpy whitebread powerpop from SF; B-side lyrics talk tough, but the song is so weak.

American Gorilla (U.S.A., '82) Wacked-out pessimistic psych-punk with some ex-**Child Molesters**; A = **Dylan** cover; "Forsaking All Others" = great apocalyptic song that reminds me of **Debris**.

Amor Fati "Controversy" EP (Flesh/Yuck, '84) Dumb monotonous stream-of-consciousness noisierock with a cheap drum machine; "Economics 101" is so stupid and pissed, it's funny.

Amor Fati (Flesh, '84) Great 2nd EP is more rockin' and guitar driven; replaces drumbox with real drums; shrill vocals bring **Thomas Jefferson Slave Apts** or **Crucifucks** to mind.

Amps (Faster Fidelity, '82) KBD-style punk with flanged-out guitar and smart lyrics about social conditioning; "Suicide Note" is one of punk's all-time great suicide songs.

Anemic Boyfriends (Red Sweater, '80) Hilarious punky scuzz-rockers with slutty female vox from Alaska(!); "Bad Girls in Love" = something **Kim Fowley** would've written for the **Runaways**.

Anonymo (Wally, '82) Basically the 3rd 7" of Sacramento's **Ozzie**; A = like **Ozzie**, but a bit of **Devo** influence creeps in.

Art Interface (If, '84) Cool low-rent sarcastic anti-Reagan synth-pop with real drums and vox that sound like they were recorded on a boombox condenser mic; B-side is heavy on Reagan samples.

Artless (The Only Label In the World, '84) Funny sarcastic HC from NYC like **ISM** or **Squirm**; B = irreverent cover of **Paul Simon**'s "I Am a Rock."

Asbestos Rockpile "Industrial Warfare" EP (Warpt, '84) Rad sloppy, endearingly inept HC from DC with hilarious rhyme lyrics taking on all enemies: skins, **John Lydon**, the government; A+.

Ash Can Cats (Zeb Meat, '81) Athens (GA) pop-rockers with decent solid rhythms, but the singer is oozing too much rockstar attitude, and he's too high in the mix; not an **REM** clone.

Atila (Fish Ranch, '81) An L.A. psychotic singer/guitarist who can neither sing or play backed by a female vocalist and a drummer with one drum and a cymbal; ultimate in punk amateurism and misplaced aggression; think a hardcore punk version of **Jad Fair**.

Atlantics (Alltime, '80) NYC powerpop that succeeds with upbeat keyboard-driven side B which made an appearance on a "Powerpearls" comp; side A stinks.

Attention (MB3, '83) Very forgettable jangly whitebread powerpop with over-processed overdubbed guitar solos that sound like they were recorded on a hissier tape; poorly done.

Authorities "Soundtrack For Trouble" EP (Selecta, '82) Legendary punk/HC record from Stockton with the often bootlegged classics "I Hate Cops" and "Radiation Masturbation."



Baby Flies (Slow Wind, '8?) Powerpop meets 80's psych like so many bands on the **Voxx** label; "I Only Burn in the Mornings" is memorable for its phoned-in vocals.

Baby Knockors (self, '80) Tacoma's (WA) weakest rockers ever; jangly lovey-dovey, and so whitebread; includes a terribly sung cover of **Paul Simon**'s "Cecilia."

SOUNDTRACK FOR TROUBLE

5 2

Baby's First Xmas (Fission, '85) Lazy jangly pop songs with funny/dorky lyrics sung deadpan; possibly L.A.'s answer to **Beat Happening**.

Badbeats (Beat Bad, '79) Two **Beatles** covers sure to piss off Beatles fans by mixing the 60's sound with updated handclap-happy mod powerpop sound; "One and One Is Two" works for me.

Badowski, Henry (A&M, '79) Ex-bassist of the **Damned** and **Chelsea** sounds like late-period **Magazine**; "Making Love With My Wife" is catchy techno-pop.

Bags (Dangerhouse, '78) Legendary raw L.A. single; A = spirited punchy punk with jazzy intro and outro; B-side is more straightforward.

Balsam, Gloria (Richmond, '79) Farfisa-laden East Bay new-wave with purposely annoying fem vox; her backing band featured an ex-KDVS DJ; "High Hopes" is enjoyable.

Baltek (World News, '85) Noisy NY artrock with decent intensity level occasional pop hooks on "Houseboat;" this reminds me of a band called the **Nisi Period**.

Bamff (self, '83) "Mini Crisis" = weird Canadian artpunk with females wielding unusual instrumentation not unlike **Ypants** or **Essential Logic**; B-side is even more nebulous.

Bandzai (Stingray, '82) Dancey techno-pop with an Asian melodic motif on "Tokyo Nights;" undistinguished among similar bands.

Bangs (Down Kiddie, '81) The **Bangles** before they became the **Bangles**; 60's girl-group flavor abounds; decent songs and honest recording, but inferior to the **B-Girls**.

Bangs, Lester (SPY, '77) Famous rock critic between **Harry Toledo** and **Chrome**.

Bank, the (self, '81) "Shape Up" is good from NYC with fem vox, lotsa harmonizing, shame about the sucky B-side; no band info.

Banned (Harvest/EMI, '77) UK punk with side is great **Deviants**-style punk, and B-side Little Girl."



mines fields

artsy new-wave and a catchy refrain;

a 60's swagger; A- is a cover of "Hey

Barbeque (Soutime, '85) Quirky new-wave pop with funny lyrics and cheesy horns; B-side has a 60's folk-rock flair that's not as silly; no band info.

Barnes, Johnny (Nightcrawler, '84) Roughly recorded Boston bar-rock with a dose of **Hendrixian** blues-rock plus some whiteboy soul; side A ain't bad, but it reminds you of the music that you hear in movies but doesn't make in onto the soundtrack.

Barracudas (DogMeat, '89) Recordings of UK 60's-style rockers from 1982; not unlike early **New Christs** or the less overtly **Doors**-influenced songs by the **Visitors**.

Barren, Donnie (City Lights, '83) Funny rockabillyish pop with the words "little bitty pussy" in the refrain. Is the song about a cat or something else?

Basics (Basic, '80) New-wave punk from Atlanta with rad coed vocals, excellent lyrics, and tight chops; side A has casual laid-back rhythms; B = fem-fronted upbeat punk.

Bators, Stiv (Bomp, '79) Good 60's-flavored powerpop from the **Dead Boys** vocalist, who hushes his normal outrageous vocals for a cover of the **Choir**'s "It's Cold Outside."

Bats (Gustav, '80) Powerpop from New Haven, CT with lots of harmonies; "Popgun" is xylophone-driven pop with boyish vocals; B = **Beatles**' cover "Tell Me Why."

Batteries (Bop O Bay, '84) Good powerpop songs turned bad by **Jan Hammer/Harold Faltermeyer** production sound; A-side sounds like the **Pointer Sisters**' "Neutron Dance;" B = Brit-wavey melodrama.

Bay of Pigs (Subterranean, '80) Skronky art rock from the Bay Area with Dadaistic repetitive vocals & skeletal rhythms.

Beans (Jump, '80) More SF new-wave; "All Night Radio" good catchy male-fronted powerpop with decent level of aggression; B = fem-fronted pop, too sparse to hold interest.

Beast (Amdusias, '82) Fem-fronted batcave goth, eerie keyboards, sexy vox, but unfortunate horn arrangement; A is decent, but B really drags; Ben Gregory (ex-**Cramp**) is in the band.

Beat the Drum "This City" EP (Loose, '84) Terrible cheesy Brit-wave that sounds like **Howard Jones** meets the "Top Gun" soundtrack.

Beef People (Zub, '85) Varied pop-rock from Greenville, SC; A = sucky fem-fronted pop with keyboards dominating weak scaly guitar; B = male-fronted burly but unexceptional garage-rock.

Beex (Zero Degree, '81) Fem-fronted new-wave from northern VA/DC that sounds like only LP by the **VKTMS**; decent, overrated by collectors.

Benwah Torpedos (Dead Stan '81) Great catchy Philadelphia jangly-punk powerpop that sounds positively British, especially on "Debbie's a Lot Like London."

Berenzy Group (3rd Rail, '78) As collectors know, "Vice Verses" rules; psych-punk with creative syncopation of drums and guitar makes for a compelling rhythm, breakaway leads reveal John's virtuosity; the B-side sucks miserably.

Berkowitz, Bobby/Beirut Slump split 7" (Migraine, '79) B.B. side = lumbering loathsome plea to "Try Me;" B.S. = **Lydia Lunch**'s band after breaking up **Teenage Jesus & the Jerks**; it's possibly more scathing and inept.

Berlin (MAO, '81) "Metro" was a big hit; B-side was even better for its verse-chorus-verse-bridge-chorus songcraft, great techno-pop **Blondie** rhythm.



The following discography is comprised of punk or new-wave records from 1976-1986 currently on the shelf in the "A" & "B" sections of the KDVS' 7" library. Stay tuned for "C" and "D" in the next issue.

Beyond Words (Speechless, '84) Silver Sprs., MD's **Katrina & the Waves** wannabes; singer wasn't pretty enough for MTV; gag me with buried pissweak guitar and vapid lyrics about fantasies.

B-Girls (Bomp, '79) L.A. punk/new-wave girl-group plays pop-songs with jangly guitar and solid rhythm section; A=very 60's; B=more artsy and contemporary.

Big Big Big (Wing & a Prayer, '86) Santa Cruz HC/punk; "Police State" = typical oompah thrash that passes without flying colors; cover of **Dead Kennedys**' "Electric Chair."

Big Stick (Recess, '85) Slow proto-industrial noise with off-kilter female narrative vox, drumbox, guitar, and samples; between early **Cabaret Voltaire** and later **Strangulated Beatoffs**.

Billy & the Buttons (Button, '83) Weird Hartford (CT) band plays a crappy rockabilly song and a woeful reggae snoozer, but "Want Want" is top-notch quirky new-wave with great lyrics about persisting even after being rejected by a love interest.

Bim "Romance" EP (Swerve, '81) Terrible UK new-wave disco that elevates the status of ABC's "Shoot That Poison Arrow" to unattainable heights.

Bizarros "Lady Dubonette" EP (Gorilla, '76) Excellent 4-song debut of Akron (OH) "dark-wave" with dual guitar heroics and casual laid-back rhythms; "I, Bizarro" is more aggressive and has quirky exaggerated vocals.

Bizarros "It Hurts, Janey" EP (Clone, '78) More "punk" than 1st EP with more cohesion and animated vocals and less guitar-noodling; less restrained versions of all three songs appear on their great LP on Mercury Records.

Black Box Approach (qqqq, '82) Ft. Lauderdale (FL) dance-wave; A is like 1st **Duran Duran** record with even less guitar and more synth emphasis; B = slightly prog-ish and extra-annoying.

Blackouts "528 Seconds" EP (Modern, '79) Unique rockin' Seattle new-wave with Bill Rieflin and Paul Barker, who joined **Ministry** before "The Land of Rape & Honey;" both songs range from mellow intros to intense crescendos.

Blackouts "Exchange of Goods" EP (Situation 2, '81) 2nd EP is more atmospheric with reverbed saxes, treated vocals, and lots of guitar effects; the B-side even sounds like early **A Certain Ratio**.

Blakely, Eric (Home Run, '81) Whitebread Berkeley powerpop w/ classic hooks with meek synth sounds; Eric's

singing is poor, and B's synth solo is painful; Eric went on to the blues/rock club circuit in Austin, TX.

Blight (Touch & Go, '83) **Tesco Vee**'s first band sounds like **Flipper** or the **Church Police** but perhaps noisier than both; blown-out guitar amps buzz while chorus-laden bass provides more melody than a steamroller.

Bliss, Mickey Band (Hitman, '82) Tedious **Suicide**-like organ-rhythmbox combo barely audible guitar garnish; pseudo-intellectual lyrics with novocaine-mouth.

Blitz (Richmond, '79) BayArea powerpop w/ boyish vocals, strong keyboards w/ punchy guitars; "Panic Button," a classic/thank-you list acknowledges **Joe Satriani**!

Blitz Brothers (Vertigo, '79) Lame UK new-wave with sucky non-existent guitars and a brittle rhythm section; their **Van Morrison** cover, pointless version of "Gloria."

Blood Donor (Safari, '80) UK new-wave with a thick wall of synth and a **Dr. Who** fixation; fem-fronted A-side reminds me of **Hawkwind**, but B sucks for its sallow male vocals.

Blue Ruin (Three Girls, '83) Boston bar-rock meets powerpop as if one of those "Throbbing Lobster" compilations; A=more upbeat, powerpop; B=like 70's rock.

Blut & Eisen/Cretins split 7" (Weird System, '84) B&E = rousing '77-style punk from Germany with background "whoa-ohs" throughout; C's = hi-NRG **Nitwitz**-style rockin' HC with an aggressive gang vocal chorus; A+.

Bob (Dumb, '80) Really great, catchy, skronky SF new-wave with deadpan male vocals, sexy female vocals, and vibes to provide melody; "Things That You Do" = should-be classic.

Bob (Dumb, '82) 2nd EP is a creative letdown; it's still above-average hard-edged new-wave; B-side resembles 1st record with faster beat & fem vox, but this 7" is too conventional.

Bond, Jane & the Undercover Men (Ear Movie, '82) A = amateurish synth-wave with an intentionally sucky **Commander Cody** cover; B = basic organic pop music with a 60's feel and the girls from the **Bangles** on backing vocals.

Bone, Richard (Rumble, '81) Entirely synthetic new-wave that can't possibly be taken seriously; B-side is quite fun with very blippy sounds and bizarre vocals; pretty cool precursor to a long, crappy electronic music career.

Bongos (Fetish, '80) "Telephoto Lens" = cool quirky new-wave pop with skronky guitars synopatched to each syllable of lyrics; B = weak acoustic.

Bongos (Fetish, '81) A = a bit like Vox-label flowerpop tribute bands from the same era; B = "Automatic Doors," an 80's new-waver with quirky chorus.

Bop, the (Hottrax, '81) Florida powerpop w/ heavy beats, lovey-dovey lyrics, handclaps, weak guitars; reminds me of **We the People**'s "In the Past."

Boyfriends "Last Bus Home" EP (United Artists, '78) Pat Collier's pop band after leaving the **Vibrators**; A-side is terrible slow-paced guitar-poo, but "Romance" is good corny powerpop with bombastic vocals.

Boys, the (Outrage, '77) Not the UK legends, but the sweet Kansas City powerpoppers; "You Make Me Shake" and "We're Too Young" are excellent shimmery guitar-pop with twin guitars and complimentary backing vox.

Boys, the "First Time" EP (NEMS, '77) UK melodic punk legends; A = good pop tune with raw slashy guitars and unseemly mushy lyrics; "Whatcha Gonna Do" = the Boys at their most manic and upbeat; "Turning Grey" has a Ramones riff.

Boys, the "Weekend" EP (Safari, '80) A = coy pop similar to slower late-era **Ramones** ditties; "Cool" = limp powerpop with none of the urgency of their early greats.

Boys, the "You Better Move On" EP (Safari, '80) A = limper with a bit of a 50's R'n'R feel, weak whistling chorus; B = mediocre **Ramones** mimicry.

Boys, the "Sick On You" EP (Vinyl Japan, '99) Old songs that can also be found on their great self-titled LP from '77; the B-side is "Soda Pressing."

Boys Life (Seco, '81) Boston new-wave produced by the **Cars**' drummer; "Two Doors Down" = doomy postpunk driven by bass guitar and *basso profundo* vox; "I Found Her" is punkier with guitars brought to the fore.

Boys White Teeth (TW, '82) UK white-soul new-wave seven-piece band a la **ABC** with poppin' bass, horns, and a soaring crooning style.

Bpeople (Faulty/IRS, '81) Intense artsy postpunk w/ aggressive edgy guitars & cool keyboards; "Weather to Worry" and "M.P.C.D." have skronky guitars and queasy, unsettling kbds; some of the most challenging rock to come out on a major label at the time.

Brain Eaters (Brainiac, '86) "Night Must Fall" and "Crimson Nights" = jangly HC with a hint of garage and horror, like early **Dwarves** material minus the distortion.

Brains (Gray Matter, '78) Atlanta gtr/bass/kbds/drum pop-rock quartet; "Money Changes Everything" like **Springsteen** crossed with keyboard-heavy new-wave; B = hardly better.

Brainz (self, '79) Unique metal-tinged new-wave from AZ with pre-**Mighty Spincter** personnel; "Elementary Monster" = ballsy twin-guitar combines metal riffage & bizarre synth sounds; "Terra" sounds like early **Black Sabbath** meets the **Silver Apples**!

Breakouts (Accelerator, '79) Great SF punk made collectible by "Killed By Death" nerds; "In Vagueness Deal" = killer punk with unrelenting rhythms and bombastic shouts; "Millirems" is not as balls-out, still lays waste to nearly any **Mutants** song.

Brian & the Nightmares (Nightmare, '86) "Stephanie" = melodic punk from TN w/ active bassline, might have released draws; 2 other songs suck.

Briggs, Brian (Bearsville, '79) Goofy new-wave like **Sparks** playing real instruments; choo-choo train beats, **Plastic Bright, Bette & the**

Ex-Deaf School singer wants tell Bette she's ugly?; an wannabe band with a young other EPs suck.

Broadcast (Fresh Sounds, '82) Jazzy Lawrence (KS) skronk-rockers with raw sound and cool scatterry drums and guitar rhythms; falls between **Mars** and early **Fall**.

Broken English (Intense, '82) Chicago powerpop with a British accent; "Radio Dial" has cool bouncy rhythms, loud gang-chorus, and radio-tuning samples; B-side is sugary.

Broken Yo-Yo (Rüde, '85) Detroit new-wave with keys, horns, and effects gimmickry overkill; not unlike a slightly funk-inflected **Oingo Boingo**, but not even that good.

Brule, E.J. "Alternative Scat Singer" EP (Transmission, '86) Interesting a'capella; "How Can You Be So White?" = beatboxin' with funny rappin'; "Touristas" beatboxes a Latino-punk rhythm, sounds more like "How Low Can a Punk Get?" by **Bad Brains**.

B Team (self, '82) Side A has two mediocre skronk-punk songs, but the B-side, "What Is This?," has balls and fury to spare ... propulsive rhythms, scraping guitars, and rabid vocals.

Buhl, J.D. (Driving, '81) Nerdy Bay Area whitebread pop w/ cover of **Vogues**' "5 O'clock World;" "Do You Blame Me," 60's-flavored.

Bunji Jumpers (Banana, '85) Blippy techno new-wave with low-rent drum machine, synth, out-of-place guitar, and fem vox; dated already in '85; worst record from Cleveland ever?

Bunnydrums (Meta, '81) Skronky Philly new-wave; "Little Room" impresses with athletic bassline and aggressive rhythm; "Win" slows down pace and adds synth blips, but it's still intense enough.

Burgart, Christopher (El Rancho, '78) A forgettable record for the most part; "Rhyme & Reason" = average 70's pop song with barely audible rhythm guitar buried under heavy piano, but when the lead guitar squeals out from nowhere; B-side a snoozer.

Bush Tetras (99, '80) New-wave fem-fronted a la the **Slits** or **ESG** with ex-**Contortions**; "You Taste Like the Tropics" makes up for mediocre songs with upbeat punky aggression.

Bush Tetras (Fetish, '81) Fuller production adds power, but the songs here sound like the filler on the mid-period LPs of **Killing Joke**.

